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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS. V

Granby; a Novel. 3 vols. Colburn. Our men of fashion of the present day seem determined on proving to us that they understand other matters besides horse-racing and prize-fighting, and can do something better than direct the cut of a coat, and appreciate the precision of a neck-cloth. In fact, they seem bent on persuading us, that if they do not handle the pen as dexterously as they do the *ribbons*, it is only for want of inclination and practice. They have within the last twelve months presented us with two literary productions; one of which is of the highest character, and actually forms a new species in the general class of works to which it belongs; we allude to Tremaine, and Lord Nor-
manby's *Matilda*. And we have now before us a third, which promises to establish the opinion excited by the two former—that the “easy writing” of this once so much vituperated class of authors, is far from being such “d—d hard reading” as it was in the days of Pope.

Granby is a work belonging to exactly the same class with those which we have named above; the scenes of it being laid in the highest ranks of fashionable society in the present day, and its object being to furnish us with an amusing series of those scenes, in connexion with an interesting story. And in point of comparative

merit, it may perhaps be considered as holding a rank exactly between the above-named works. It is superior to *Matilda*, both in its sketches of life and manners, and its delineation of individual character; the former offering more variety than those of *Matilda*, and the latter including much more force, truth, and distinctness. On the other hand, it has no pretensions to compete with Tremaine, in the impressive discussions which that work offers us on the conduct of life, and the excellent good sense and practical wisdom which it displays on every topic upon which it touches. But we are instituting a comparison which, if not exactly an “odious” one, is at least hardly fair—since Granby does not attempt any thing of the kind we have alluded to. Its object is, in fact, not didactic, as that of Tremaine avowedly is; and though a good moral effect may doubtless be extracted from it, its objects are merely to amuse and interest readers of the present day, while it places on record the habits and manners of the least accessible class of society of that day, for the mingled amusement and information of those which are to follow.

We shall not go into any particular details, of the *story* of Granby, because it simply relates to the obstacles that occur to delay and endanger the happiness of a pair of true lovers—for there are such things, it seems, even in the world of fashion. We shall doubtless be performing a much more acceptable service to our readers, in presenting them with a few specimens of the manner in which this new author touches upon the manners of our high fashionables, and sketches forth some of the characters which figure in that favoured sphere.

We shall, in the first instance, offer to our readers' attention a pair of fashionable portraits; the first of which we conceive to be incomparably the most masterly and spirited, as well as the

most finished, that has yet been drawn, of the particular class of persons (we had almost said, the particular person) which have sprung up in the hot-bed of fashionable refinement of the present day:

“ Vincent Trebeck was the only son of a gentleman of good family, and handsome, though not large independent fortune, who had followed the example of a long series of respectable ancestors, in faithfully fulfilling the few and unobtrusive, but honourable and useful, duties of an English country gentleman. But the enterprising subject of our present narrative was early visited with higher aspirations, and soon learned to despise the undistinguishing praise of humble utility. He was sent at an early age to Eton, where he soon gained that precious knowledge of the world which a public school will generally impart, even to the dullest comprehension, and where his vivacious talents, well-assured confidence, and ready address, always gave him a considerable ascendancy over his associates.—From thence, with matured views of the art of advancement, he repaired to Oxford; and never did any one glide with more ease and rapidity from the blunt and ceremonious ‘hal-hallow-wellmet’ manner of the school-boy, into the formal nonchalance and measured cordiality of the many collegians.

“ Nobody carried farther that fashionable exclusiveness which prescribes the narrow local limits of gentility, and deounces all as Vandal beyond its bounds. He immediately cut an old school-fellow, because he had entered at a minor college; and discontinued visiting another, because he had asked him to meet two men of Hall. He was a consummate talker, with an air of the most daring independence, to the preservation of which he usually sacrificed a friend a term. He systematically violated the regulations of the collegiate authorities, and parried their penalties with contemptuous cajolery. He always ordered his horse at half time; was author of more than half the squibs that appeared upon the screen; and turned a tame jackdaw into the quadrangle at —— in a pair of bands to parody the master.

“ To the gracefulness of indolence, Trebeck contrived to add the reputation of being able to do a great deal, if he would but condescend to set about it. He wrote one year for the Newdigate prize: it is true he was unsuccessful; but his copy was considered the second best; and it was even whispered among his friends, that he would have succeeded if he had but taken the trouble to count his verses.

“ The opening world now presented an ample field for the development of his talents.—Fortunately, at his outset he was taken up as a sort of pet by some fine people, of whom he had tact enough to make a convenient stepping-stone in his fashionable ménage, and not too much gratitude to prevent him from neglecting them when he began to move in a higher sphere, and found it useful to assert his independence.

“ There are many roads to notoriety. Trebeck began with dress; but he soon relinquished that, as unworthy or untenable. He scorned to

share his fame with his tailor, and was, moreover, seriously disgusted at seeing a well-fancied waistcoat, almost unique, before the expiration of its ‘honey-moon,’ adoring the person of a natty apprentice. He sickened soon of giving names to cloaks, hats, buggies, and pantaloons; and panted for a higher pedestal than a coach-maker's show-room, or a tailor's shop-board.—His coats and carriages were copied by others almost as soon as they were exhibited by him; and as it was his ambition to be imitable, he found it much better to shun these outward peculiarities, and trust alone to the ‘nameless grace of polished ease,’ which he really possessed in a remarkable degree.

“ He had great powers of entertainment, and a keen and lively turn for satire; and could talk down his superiors, whether in rank or talent, with very imposing confidence. He saw the advantages of being formidable, and observed with derision how those whose malignity he pampered with ridicule of others, vainly thought to purchase, by subserviency, exemption for themselves. He had sounded the gullibility of the world; knew the precise current value of position; and soon found himself the acknowledged umpire, the last appeal, of many discontented followers.

“ He seldom committed himself by praise or recommendation, but rather left his example and adoption to work its way. As for censure, he had both ample and witty store; but here too he often husbanded his remarks, and where it was needless or dangerous to define a fault, could check admiration by an incredulous smile, and depress pretensions of a season's standing by the raising of an eyebrow. He had a quick perception of the foibles of others, and a keen relish for bantering and exposing them. No keeper of a menagerie could better show off a monkey, than he could an ‘original.’ He could ingeniously cause the unconscious subject to place his own absurdities in the best point of view, and would cloak his derision under the blandest cajolery.

“ Imitators he loved much; but to baffle them—more. He loved to turn upon the luckless adopters of his last folly, and see them precipitately back out of the scrape into which himself had led them.

“ In the art of cutting he shone unrivalled; he knew the ‘when,’ the ‘where,’ and the ‘how.’ Without affecting useless short-sightedness, he could assume that calm but wandering gaze, which veers, as if unconsciously, round the prescribed individual; neither fixing, nor to be fixed; not looking on vacancy, nor on any one object; neither occupied, nor abstracted; a look which perhaps excuses you to the person cut, and, at any rate, prevents him from accosting you.

“ Originality was his idol. He wished to astonish, even if he did not amuse; and had rather say a silly thing than a common-place one. He was led by this sometimes even to approach the verge of rudeness and vulgarity; but he had considerable tact, and a happy hardihood, which generally carried him through the difficulties into which his fearless love of originality brought

him. Indeed, he well knew that what would, in the present condition of his reputation, be scouted in any body else, would pass current with the world in him.

"Such was the far-famed and redoubtable Mr. Trebeck."

When we assure the reader that the above general sketch is, in the course of the story, marked out in a manner every way answerable to this first introduction of it, we shall, no doubt, raise no little curiosity to become further acquainted with this most exclusive of the exclusives. We need scarcely add, that this character is evidently modelled on a certain ci-devant leader of fashion, who some few years ago cut our shores, and has since shut himself up in his own infinite exclusiveness. It is, however, by no means sufficiently precise in its details to bring it under the imputation of personality; and, indeed, draws the portrait, as it were, in the possession of much more solid qualifications than are usually attributed to Beau B.

We shall now present the female *pendant* to this portrait; and if the subject is not quite so susceptible as the foregoing of masterly treatment, is nevertheless highly amusing, spirited, and characteristic. The form under which this character presents itself, will also, at the same time, furnish the reader with a very fair specimen of the numerous conversational scenes in high life, with which this entertaining novel abounds.

"Mr. Trebeck seated himself near, pretending to help her, and they began a lively, but not invariably good-natured review, of several of their acquaintance; among whom they presently touched upon Mr. and Lady Harriett Duncan, who were that day expected at Hemingsworth.

"I like Duncan," said Mr. Trebeck, "he is always a sensible fellow, and sometimes a pleasant one. He is oddly suited in a wife, though perhaps not altogether ill. Some people say he never did a more foolish thing than when he married Lady Harriett. I cannot say I think so. Nobody acts foolishly in pleasing themselves—and she is certainly an amusing piece of sillyness."

"Oh, I think," said Lady Elizabeth, "she is absolutely charming—quite a grown up child, stopped short at the entertaining age—with her simplicity, and her romance, and her little enthusiastic fancies; and, above all, her blue stockings air. The blue improves her wonderfully—there is not too much of it—it is such a delicate light aerial tint—just like that sky you are washing in, Miss Clifton."

"You see her just as I do," said Trebeck, "I delight in her, and all that belongs to her, from Duncan down to her scrap-book and relic-box. She invariably asks me to contribute to both. She never could get me to write anything, but I have contributed a relic or two: some of my own hair, (pray don't tell her) which she takes for Buonaparte's, and kisses night and morning; and the lid of a snuff-box, (a discarded one of my great, great-grandfather) which she verily believes to have been Prince Eugene's. Nothing is so pleasant as a little enthusiasm—you can generally laugh at it, if you don't partake of it. By the bye, is it not rather amusing to see the quiet, complacent way in which Duncan helps to shew her off? He will always join with the best will imaginable, in any trick you may wish to play her. He is so used to amuse himself with her innocent foibles, that he does not see why others should not do the same."

"At this moment, however, was seen driving up the approach to the house, and the probability was, that the arrival of Hemingsworth so early—but the unexpected visitor was in a few

minutes decided, by the announcement of the parties themselves, and Lady Harriett, a sickly, but rather pretty looking woman, followed by her husband, glided in, with a step half languid, half alert, between a walk and a run; greeted the Daventry family *en masse*; began to answer questions about herself, before they were asked; astonished the Duchess, by running up and kissing her on the forehead; called the Duke 'a good creature,' and set him laughing for ten minutes; nodded to Lady Elizabeth; held out her forefinger to the rest of the circle by way of shaking hands; told Mr. Trebeck that she should not speak to him till he had made his peace; and then remembering that she was tired, made the best of her way to a sofa, from which she frequently started up with childish eagerness, to ask if there were any letters for her. Three were brought to her, which she was in ecstacies at the sight of; tore open one of them, and throwing the others to Mr. Tarleton, desired him to open them for her, while she was reading the first.

"And read them?" he asked, meaning to be facetious.

"No, no—take them out of the envelope—there—thanks—and give them to me."

"She then read them eagerly to herself, with perpetual half-whispered exclamations of joy, grief, surprise, and laughter; and afterwards burst out in praise of her correspondents; and when tired of endowing them with 'every virtue under heaven,' got up, and began to tumble over books upon the sofa-tables, asking at the same time an infinity of questions, addressed to nobody, about what they had or had not read, of the thousand charming things that came out 'the other day.' She then set a French clock playing upon the chimney-piece, and said, as she wound it up, looking round at Lady Daventry, 'If I spoil it, Tarleton can mend it for you; he has a genius for those things—he mended one at Lady Kidderminster's.' After exhausting the tunes of the musical clock, she rang to enquire if her bullfinch was brought in, 'for I want,' said she, 'to introduce him to you—he is such a dear love—you shall hear him sing the Ranz de Vaches.'

"The bird was brought, and sung his air with variations, (considerable variations from the original) and was petted and praised to his admiring mistress's heart's content; though to most of the company, and especially to Caroline, his mistress herself gave much greater entertainment.

"Caroline was much amused with Lady Harriett. She had never before seen anything like her; and though led by the previous conversation to look for a character widely differing from the rational generality, she was by no means prepared for that diverting breadth of singularity which she now witnessed in the little flighty 'minauderies' of this very original lady. Her surprise and amusement were still increased, when, on being introduced to Lady Harriett, she shook her warmly by both hands, saying, 'I think I shall like you—if I don't I'll tell you—you will like me, I know—new people always do.' She then began to talk to her with great seeming interest, and asked her in the course of conversation, (probably with a view of sounding her capacity,) a multitude of very uncommon and unconnected questions; 'Whether she believed in craniology?' 'Whether she could improvise in Italian?' 'Whether she had studied the theory of apparitions?' 'Whether she considered music to be the "food of love"?' 'What perfume she was most partial to?' and, 'What was her opinion of Mr. Perkins's new invented steam-engine?'

The reader may, perhaps, now like to see something of the more serious style of this au-

thor's writing; and we are enabled to present him with a very characteristic and forcible specimen, in a scene which occurs between the hero, Granby, and a relation of his, Tyrel, who plays a very prominent and effective part in the story; and, indeed, on whose villainous machinations the whole plot of the novel turns. Tyrel has been inveigling a young friend of Granby's into a gambling transaction, in which the latter has lost the whole of his fortune, and even his expectancies; but Granby having received some hints, as to the alleged unfair practices of his cousin Tyrel, comes in, just in time to confirm his fears on this point, and to determine on demanding restitution for his friend. The following scene is the result:

"Arrived at the door, Granby stopped once more to collect his thoughts. Irresolution partially triumphed, and a slight tremor came over him as he raised his hand to the knocker. The half minute that elapsed before his 'clamorous appeal' received its answer, appeared, as we commonly say, 'an age'; and with burning impatience, and much withal of trepidation, did he listen to the shuffling and creaking of the footsteps within.

"The door at length was half opened by a drowsy servant, with a candle in his hand, who, peeping at him, with a look of much surprise at the unseasonableness of the visit, told him that his master was still in his sitting-room. This was sufficient, and Granby hastily passed the servant, and without waiting to be announced, proceeded quietly, but rapidly to the room. On opening the door, he saw Tyrel, his head resting on one hand, while the other held a pencil. He was deeply intent on a paper before him, on which he appeared to have been writing figures; two candles, burst almost to the socket, threw their dim light upon his face; and on the same table stood a wine glass, and a small phial containing laudanum, to the use of which pernicious drug Tyrel had lately begun to habituate himself.

"Tyrel did not raise his eyes from the paper immediately upon Granby's entrance, thinking probably that it was the servant; but scarcely had he made two steps into the room when Tyrel looked up, and on seeing him, started from his chair in seeming terror, and crumpling up the paper, threw it from him into the fire-place.

"How now, Granby! here again!" said he; and then catching the stern expression of his countenance, he faintly added, "For heaven's sake, what is the matter?"

"Granby carefully closed the door, before he returned him any answer. 'My errand,' said he, 'concerns Courtenay.'

"Courtenay! good God! what has happened to him?"

"Nothing but what you know already."

"What I know! explain yourself."

"I mean to do so—and briefly too. I come to demand that you renounce all claims upon him for money which he has lost to you, and that you refund—"

"Granby, are you mad?"

"Hear me out—and that you refund what you have unfairly won this night."

"Unfairly!—'s death! does the scoundrel presume to say—"

"Be calm if you can," said Granby firmly, "for violence is useless. He says nothing—he knows nothing; it is I who say it, and know it, and make this claim for him in consequence."

"And by what authority, Sir," exclaimed Tyrel, in a lofty tone, "by what authority do you dare to say this to me?"

"By the authority of a friend to both, and a relation to you."

"Cant!—cursed cant!—Friend and relation! Is this your cloak for a scandalous charge? Do you think this will serve, Sir? No—give me proof of what you insinuate."

"I insinuate nothing; my charge is a direct one, and will require a direct reply. As for proofs, you shall have them; and for this purpose I shall ask for the dice and dice-box that you used, this night."

"With all my heart," said Tyrrel, "and I would show them as freely to the whole world.—There—take them—examine them well—but remember, Sir, you will do it at your peril; for if they are not proved deceptive," said he, striking his clenched hand upon the table, "then by heavens—"

"This threat is useless," interrupted Granby, "for I shall not even examine them. But observe me for a moment—"

Tyrrel muttered something between his teeth, and turned away.

"Observe me, I say," repeated Granby, sternly; "you asked for proofs, and I am prepared to give them: and then, without uttering another word, he slowly exemplified with the dice the whole process of Tyrrel's fraudulent manœuvres.

A dead silence ensued; Tyrrel leaning in guilty confusion on the back of a chair, while Granby stood opposite, erect, and motionless, with his hands clasped, apparently lost in painful thought. He was balancing in his mind conflicting sentiments of justice and mercy, and meditating on what way to meet the probable contrition of his guilty relative; but he was not prepared to see him take a refuge in effrontery, and started as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet when Tyrrel stepped up, and with a coarse smile, slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

"Bravo, young one!" were his first words. "Curse me, if I thought you so knowing! I see you understand a trick or two—you are training in a promising way—we shall have you down at the Hells soon!"

"Tyrrel! Tyrrel! I did not expect this," said Granby, turning from him with disgust.

"Then, what the devil did you expect? Did you think I should whine and cant about it, and fall on my knees like a blubbering schoolboy to escape a whipping? Why, what a cursed long face you make—as if rooks and pigeons were birds unheard of; phshaw,—man—come—damn it—where can you have lived to look so serious about such a trifle? I thought you had been more of a man of the world. We jolly Greeks are never down in the mouth about these things. Where was the harm, if the fellow chose to be a fool, to treat him with a taste of my art? Prejudice apart, where is the sin in a quiet bit of legerdemain? None on earth—and so you would think, if it was not for those rusty, old woman's notions, which I wonder how the devil you came by. I have done no more than many others."

"Tyrrel," said Granby, "though you have a right to be heard in your defence, yet I almost blame myself, for having patiently listened so long to this monstrous attempt to palliate your crime."

"Crime!" repeated Tyrrel, with a scornful laugh—"by what statute? Crime, indeed! you talk it well, upon my soul; but learn, young man, to make distinctions—look at the dice—are they loaded? Look at the box—is it not a fair one? Did I fight with false weapons? No, Sir—the devil, himself, dare not say it. I met my man, and beat him down in a fair trial of address. I employed an art which I had been practising for months, and which I

had surely acquired a right to profit by. I won by skill—sheer skill—skill which I had gained by my own exertions, and which I am therefore justified in using."

"I will no longer listen to such paltry sophistry," replied Granby; "it cannot deceive me—you cannot even deceive yourself by it. My object, Tyrrel, in coming hither, was not to hear your efforts at exculpation—for none that you can make will be sufficient—your offence is only aggravated by what you have already said—I come to enforce a demand—you have heard it, and I expect your answer."

"You shall have it," said Tyrrel, with a malignant scowl; and he went and opened a bureau, while Granby stood regarding him in silence. Tyrrel searched for something; at length he closed the bureau: what he had taken out of it, Granby knew not, for his back was towards him; till on turning round he displayed to his astonished eyes a brace of pistols and a card.

"Here is my answer," said he, holding up the pistols, "and there," throwing on the table an ace of clubs, shot through the middle, "is my pledge for its proving satisfactory. You see my mark at twelve paces—a pretty fair certificate of a cool eye, and a steady hand. Be advised, young fellow," he added, in an insulting tone—"think twice before you drive to extremities a man who can split a ball upon a knife, and shoot a couple through the same hole. You will find I am not to be trifled with."

"And you will find," said Granby, calmly, "that it is not my intention to trifle with you. My object is fixed and serious—I come to insist on satisfaction for my friend."

"Satisfaction?" said Tyrrel, with savage glee, "have at you then—the sooner the better—time and place—and I am your man."

"Tyrrel, you mistake the satisfaction I require—it is not to shed the blood of a relation. If you mean to give me a challenge, understand distinctly that I will not accept it."

"You will not?" retorted Tyrrel. "Say you dare not."

"I will not," said Granby; "and if you urge me, the world shall know my reason for refusing."

"And what is that reason?" said Tyrrel, with a sneer.

"I shall tell them that the challenger is no longer worthy of the consideration due to a man of honour."

"Insolent coward!" said Tyrrel through his clenched teeth.

"I shall not descend to bandy invectives," replied Granby firmly. "I repeat my demand for reparation."

"Granby—Granby—have a care—be cautious how you goad a desperate man. Are you aware," said Tyrrel, taking up the pistols, "that one of these is loaded? You defy me, because you think that my reputation is in your power. Remember that your life is in mine." And he retreated a few steps, and deliberately examined the priming of his pistol.

"Do you think so meanly of me," said Granby, "as to expect that I shall be terrified from my purpose by this impotent bravado?"

"I do," said Tyrrel. "Impotent bravado! Good sounding words, faith! but very little to the purpose. I would advise you to think of something better by way of a dying speech, and quickly too, for your time is but short. Now, Sir, death or recantation?" and he levelled the pistol at Granby's head.

Granby neither moved nor spoke, but looked steadily in Tyrrel's face. There was a deep silence, which was first broken by the click of the pistol. Tyrrel had cocked it. Granby

heard the ominous sound, but his frame never trembled, nor did his cheek grow paler, nor his eye wander, but remained still sternly bent on Tyrrel in sad and resolute defiance.

"Tyrrel!" said he, in a solemn tone, "I have no fear. You dare not be a murderer."

Tyrrel returned no answer, but still presented the cocked pistol.

"You will never," continued Granby, "charge your conscience with such a crime."

"My conscience!" said Tyrrel, with frightful irony, lowering his pistol as he spoke; "how did you know I had a conscience?"

"You have—you must," said Granby. "I will not think you utterly depraved. You may stifle the voice of your conscience for a time, but be assured it will be heard. Tyrrel—there is a God that sees and judges you; and if you shed my blood, the hour of retribution will surely come;" and Granby, as he spoke, fixed his eyes with impressive solemnity upon Tyrrel's.

The latter could not encounter their appeal. His own fell beneath their glance. The hand that held the pistol trembled; and the countenance was convulsed with a sudden pang. He muttered something indistinctly, turned away, and deposited the pistols in their former place.

We are obliged to break off in the middle of this really capital scene. We have, however, given quite enough of it, and of the other more light and lively part of the work, to enable the reader to judge whether or not Granby suits his taste. To ours, we confess, its easy and gentlemanly style; the spirit and distinctness of its various characters; and the entirely unexaggerated and natural manner in which every part of the narrative is placed before the reader, make it one of the pleasantest novels we have had occasion to commend for a very long time.

The Progresses, Processions, and Magnificent Entertainments of King James the First, &c. &c. By John Nichols, F.S.A. &c. 4to. London 1825. J. Nichols and Son.

The able manner in which the veteran Antiquary, to whom we owe this work*, collected and arranged The Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, is universally known and appreciated. Printed uniformly with that excellent publication, The Progresses of her successor, King James, forms not only a consistent, but almost a necessary sequel to it; and will be as highly prized by all who love to contemplate the features of by-gone times, and lay the foundations for a right judgment on what is done in their own day, from acquiring a knowledge of what was done by their forefathers. This is the true and important use of history; and no history affords so good materials as that which is drawn, like the present, from original manuscripts, authentic records, and correspondence, never framed for the mere purpose of meeting the public eye. Here we have facts, not theories; documents, not the hypotheses raised by partial or prejudiced writers. Doubtless these, too, may in many cases lead to error; but still our judgments are left unfettered by them, and we can compare and weigh every conflicting evidence as it presents itself, without the accompaniment of sophistry, giving our credence to that which seems the most probable and best supported.

The picture of James and his Court is an extremely curious one, and Mr. Nichols has illustrated it in his usual honest and comprehensive

* It is being produced in half-guineas Monthly Parts, of which seven have appeared. There are to be ten in all, to form three volumes: the first volume is finished in Part VI, and consists of 697 pages. Part VII. brings us to page 208 of Vol. 2; and there is ample assurance given of the rapid continuance of the work to its completion.—Ed.

way. It is delightful to receive such a book from the hands of so venerable a labourer in literature; and to observe, that, at a period of life far beyond the common limit allotted to man, there is no failing off in diligence, research, or ability. Many rare pamphlets are reprinted in these pages; many corporation registers and family records have been consulted to add to their value; their biographical and topographical notes relative to persons mentioned, are remarkably full and particular; and their literary merit is greatly enhanced by the insertion of most of the masques and pageants which were the prevailing fashion of the age, and some of which exercised the wits and fancies of Britain's choicest writers.

From a work of this wide and varied description, it is no easy matter to quote what may fairly be considered as a sufficient example of its contents. If we wish to develop its antiquarian form, our selections will not serve to display its dramatic beauties and literature; if we desire to illustrate the manners of the era which it exhibits, our extracts will not reach its historical information. And yet it is hopeless to endeavour to render equal justice to it on all these and other points; and we must therefore be content with general, though cordial praise, and a few mixed specimens, which cannot fail to give that favourable impression of its character which it truly deserves. In making these quotations we shall be chiefly guided by the order of time, rather than by any idea of classification. The work commences with a reprint of "Sorrows Joy," put forth by the University of Cambridge, on the death of Elizabeth and the accession of James. The title is good: for when monarchs die and others succeed, it is always a very difficult thing to decide whether the demonstrations of public feeling partake most of wail or rejoicing. They certainly bear a strong resemblance to the humours of an Irish wake, where some are carousing, others howling; where laughter and crying are strangely mingled; where the priest raises his cross and the native his shillelah together;—thus on the occasion of "Sorrows Joy," and all similar occasions, there are tears and smiles; bells, whose toll of the funeral knell is answered by the thundering of cannon, the proclamation of heralds, the merry peal, and the shouts of the multitude, ever pleased with change; there are lamentations and prayers for the dead; raised together with thanksgivings and prayers for the living; orders for general mourning and general boughs go out of the same Court; and the dark tomb receives its guest on one hand, while the brightness of illuminations welcomes his successor on the other. But a truce with moralizing.—The public proceedings on the coming of James, are fully described from original papers, and letters from Sir Robert Carey, from Sir John Harrington; from a number of scarce tracts, and, in short, from every possible source of intelligence. At page 125 we find the following, relative to the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, as it was then constituted:

Among the first who addressed the new Sovereign, was Lord Hunton, on behalf of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, of which he was Captain. His Lordship states his appointment, &c. and thinks it his duty to inform his Majesty "of the institution, nature, quality, and service of this honourable Band." He then says—"They are in all Fifty Gentlemen, besides myself, the Lieutenant, Standard-bearer, Clerk of the Cheque, and Gentlemen Harbinger, chosen out of the best and antientest families in England, and some of them sons to Earls, Barons, Knights, and Esquires, men thereto specially recommended for their worthiness and sufficiency, without any stain or taint of dishonour, or disprangement in blood. Her Majesty, and other Princes her

predecessors, have found great use of their service, as well in the guard and defence of their Royal persons, as also in sundry other employments, as well Civil as Military, at home and abroad; insomuch as it hath served them always as a nursery to breed up Deputies of Ireland, Ambassadors into foreign parts, Counsellors of State, Captains of the Guard, Governors of places, and Commanders in the wars, both by land and sea. Withall I cannot omit to signify to your Majesty their alacrity and affection wherewith, upon the decease of her Highness, they did embrace your Majesty's title and cause; insomuch that, upon my motion, they did most willingly offer themselves to a strong and settled combination, by a solemn oath and vow, to defend and prosecute your Majesty's lawful right and title by themselves, their friends, allies, and followers (being no contemptible portion of this Kingdom), to the last drop of their blood against all impugners whatsoever; with which humble and dutiful desires of theirs to serve your Majesty, I thought it my part and duty to acquaint you, and withal humbly desire to know your Majesty's pleasure and resolution as concerning them. I have caused them to remain all about the Court with their horses, armour, and men, to attend the body of our late Royal Mistress, and being generally all desirous to wait upon your Majesty at your Entry into this Kingdom, as loth to be second to any in all obsequious and serviceable duties to your Majesty, wherein I humbly desire your Majesty's further direction, and ever desire Almighty God, &c."

The Band greatly degenerated, even in the reign of James, and has since become, as our readers know, a very unworthy shadow of what it was, being now a sort of sinecure purchase, or tolerable investment of a few hundred pounds, for tradesmen, noblemen's butlers, &c. What a contrast does this offer to the period when Sir John Holles (afterwards Earl of Clare) is reported to have said with regret, "that, when he was a Pensioner to the Queen, he did not know a worse man of the whole Band than himself; and all the world knew he had then an inheritance of £4000 a year."

Our next extract is a remarkable one:

"In Savile's Account of the King's Entertainment at Theobalds (p. 127), it is mentioned, that the King's arrival there, 'a Petition was delivered him by a young Gentleman.' The following singular production, whether the same I cannot determine, I have obtained from a MS. in the Cathedral Library at Exeter.

"*The Poore Man's Petition to The Kinge at Theobalds, the 17th of April 1603.*"

"Good King, let there be an uniformitie in true religion, without any disturbance of Papist or Puritan.

"Good King, let good Preachers be well provided for, and without any briberie come to their livings.

"Good King, let poore Soldiers be paid their wages whilst they be well emploied, and well provided for when they are mayned.

"Good King, let their not be such deliae and crafty proceedings in the Lawe, and let Lawiers have moderate fees. A poxe take the prude covetous Attorne and merciles Lawyer!

"Good King, let noe man have more offices than one; especially in the case or touching the Lawe.

"Good King, let poore Suitors be heard [heard] quietlie, and with speede dispatched favourably.

"Good King, let ordinarie Causes be determined in the ordinarie Courts, and let not the

Chamere be made a common shifting place to prologue Causes for private game.

"Good King, cut off those paltry Licenses and all Monopolies. Fly upon all close byting Knaverie!

"Good King, suffer noe Great Ordinance to be carried out of the Realme to the enemies, as it had been. A plague upon all covetous gripping Treasurers!

"Good King, looke to thy Takens and Officers of thy House, and to their exceeding fees, that peele and powle thy Princeley allowance.

"Good King, let us not be oppressed with so manie impositions, powlings, and payements.

"Good King, make not Lord of good Lincoln Duke of Shorditch, for he is a, &c.

"Good King, make not Sir Walter Rawleigh Earl of Pancradge, for he is a, &c.

"Good King, love us, and we will love thee, and we will spend our hart's blood for thee."

During all his progresses, visits, and entertainments, never was king so flattered, so beseeched, by the nation—which murdered his mother and his son!! Yet James seems to have been impatient of many of these public demonstrations; and it is frequently noticed that he did not receive the gross adulation poured out to him, in the same gracious manner and with the delight evinced by his female predecessor. He sometimes "frowned down," nay, "almost cursed," the oppressive encomiums and attentions of his loved and loving subjects; and at Oxford, except when enlivened by taking a prominent share in the disputations of the learned doctors, he absolutely fell fast asleep in full senate, while they were wearying him with long and fulsome compliments. His Queen luckily withstood the infection, and was able to keep her eyes open during the whole infliction, so that royalty was still partially audience. His Majesty, on the contrary, was much addicted to field sports, and we have, at a later period, some curious accounts of his fondness forights of animals, and experiments on their properties and courage.

In 1603-4, the royal party were thus entertained, according to Howes Chronicle:

"The King's Majesty, lodging in the Tower of London, on the 15th of March, (after he had surveyed all the Offices, Store-houses, and the Mint, where both the King and Queen coyned money, and gave to divers persons there present,) being told of the lions, he asked of their being, and how they came thither, for that in England there were bred no such fierce beasts, whereunto was answered that no mention is made in any record of lions breeding here: nevertheless

Abraham Ortelius, and other foraine writers, do affirme that there are in Englands beasts of as great courage as the lion, namely, the mastiff dog: whereupon the King caused Edward Alleyn*, late servant to the Lord Admiral, now sworne the Prince's man, and Master of the Beare Garden, to fetch secretly three of the fellest dogs in the garden; which being done, the King, Queene, and Prince, with four or five Lords, wen to the Lion's towre, and caused the lustiest lion, to be separated from his mate, and put into the lions den one dog alone, who presently flew to the face of the lion, but the lion suddenly shooke him off, and grapt him fast by the neck, drawing the dog up stairs and downe stairs. The King, now perceiving the lion

greatly to exceede the dog in strength, but nothing in noble heart and courage, caused another dog to be put into the dense, who proved as hot and lusty as his fellow, and tooke the lion by the face; but the lion began to deale with him

* This is probably the date of its composition, not its delivery. On the 17th of April the King was no further than York, and did not arrive at Theobalds until May 3.

"The celebrated Comedian, who was the Founder of Dulwich College."

as with the former: whereupon the King commanded the third dog to be put in before the second dog was spoyled, which third dog, more fierce and fell than ayther of the former, and in despite eyther of clawes or strength, tooke the lion by the lip, but the lion so tore the dog by the eyes, head, and face, that he lost his hold, and then the lion tooke the dog's necke in his mouth, drawing him up and downe as he did the former, but being weary could not bite so deadly as at the first; now whilst the last dog was thus hand to hand with the lion in the upper roome, the other two dogs were fighting together in the lower roome, whereupon the King caused the lion to be driven downe, thinking the lion would have parted them, but when he saw he must needs come by them, he leaped cleane over them both, and contrary to the King's expectation, the lion fled on an inward den, and would not by any meanes eadre the presence of the dogs; albeit the last dog pursued eagerly, but could not finde the way to the lym. You shall understand the two last dogs, whilst the lion held them both under his paws, did bite the lion by the belly, whereto the lion roared so extreamely, that the earth shooke withall, and the next hour ramped and roared as if he would have made reueue. The lion hath not any peculiar or proper kinde of fight, as hath the dog, beare, or bull, but only a ravenous kind of surprizing for prey. The two first dogs dyed within a few dayes, but the last dog was well recovered of all his hurts, and the yong Prince commanded his servant E. Alleyen to bring the dog to him to St. James, where the Prince charged the said Alleyen to keepe him, and make much of him, saying, he that had fought with the King of beastes, should never after fight with any inferiour creature."

In those days the public was not so sensitive as in our times. Philosophy was young—quite a baby, and not conuertes old, the giant of 1835, with his great eyes distilling tears by yonks; his huge nose snivelling between his blubbered cheeks, like Etina discharging vapours and ashes; his sighs heard from end to end of the earth, more windy than the puffs of Boreas; his groans louder than thunder; and his doings like the doings of the mighty elephant, which with equal ease and precision can exercise the most prodigious strength, or descend to the most puny minutiæ. It was not so, we say, in the age of the peaceful King James and his lions. In 1605, we read again:

"This spring of the yere the Kinge builded a wall, and filled up with earth all that part of the mote or ditch about the west aid of the Lion's den, and appoynted a drawing partition to be made towards the South part thereof,

the one part thereof to serve for the breeding Lionesse when she shall have whelps, and the other part thereof for a walke for other Lions. The Kinge caused also three trap doores to bee made in the wall of the Lyon's den, for the Lyons to goe into their walke at the pleasure of the keeper, which walke shall bee maintayned and kept for especial place to baigne the Lyons with dogges, beares, bulles, bores, &c.—Munday, June 3, in the afternoon, his Majestie, being accompanied with the Duke of Lenox, the Earles of Worcester, Pembroke, Southampton, Suffolke, Devonshire, Salisbury, and Mountgomery, and Lord Heskin, Captayne of his Highnesse Guarde, with many Knights and Gentlemen of name, came to the Lyon's tower, and, for that time, was placed over the platforme of the Lyons, because as yet, the two galleries were not builded, the one of them for the King and great Lords, and the other for special personages.

"The King being placed as aforesayde, com-manded Master Raph Gyll, Keeper of the

Lions, that his servants should put forth into the walke the male and female breeders, but the Lyons would not goe out by any ordinary means that could be used, neither would they come neare the trap doores until they were forced out with burning lynes, and when they were come downe into the walke, they were both amazed, and stood looking about them, and gazing up into the ayre; then was there two rakes of mutton throwne unto them, which they did presently eat; then was there a lusty live cocke cast unto them, which they presently killed and sucked his blood; then was there another live cocke cast unto them, which they likewise killed, but sucked not his blood. After that the Kinge caused a live lamb to be easily let downe unto them by a rope, and being come to the grounde, the lambe lay upon his knees, and both the Lyons stode in their former places, and only beheld the lamb, but presently the lamb rose up and went unto the Lyons, who very gently looked upon him and smelled on him without signe of any further hurt; then the lamb was very softly drawne up againe in as good plight as hee was let downe.

"Then they caused those Lyons to be put into their denne, and another male Lyon only to be put forth, and two lusty mastiffes, at a by doore, to be let into him, and they flew fiercely upon him, and perceiving the Lyon's necke to be so defended with hayre they could not hurt him, fought onely to bite him by the face, and did so; then was there a third dogge let in as fierce as the fiercest one of them, a brenched dogge tooke the Lyon by the face, and turned him upon his backe; but the Lyon spoyle them all, the best dogge died the next day."

When on the subject of animal sports, we may transcribe a notice of Newmarket. On the 26th of February (1603-4) the King was, probably for the first time, at this famous course; and it is stated:

"The diversion of horse-racing, though undoubtedly practised in this country at the time of the Romans, does not appear to have made any considerable progress, but rather became extinct, till the accession of James the First, who again introduced it from Scotland, where it came into vogue from the spirit and swiftness of the Spanish horses which had been wrecked in the vessels of the Armada, and thrown ashore on the coasts of Galloway. From this period it became more fashionable, and Newmarket had probably some kind of a racing establishment as early as the reign of this Monarch, who erected a house here, which was destroyed in the Civil Wars, but was re-built by Charles II."

The following displays his Majesty in another light:

"In the month of January, Sir John Harrington, in a Letter to Sir Amyas Paulet, thus describes an interview with which he had been honoured by the King:

"My loyng Cosen; It behoveth me now to recite my journal, respectinge my gracious commandme of my Sovereigne Prince, to come to his closet; which matter, as you so well and urgente desyre to heare of, I shall, in suchwyse as suiteth myn heste abilitie, relate unto you, and it is as followethe. When I came to the Presence-chamber, and had gotten good place to see the lordlie attendants, and howred my knee to the Prince; I was orderde by a specyal messenger, and that in secrete sorte, to waite a whyle in an outwarde chamber, whence, in near an houre waitinge, the same knave ledde me up a passage and so to a smale roome, where was good order of paper, inke, and pens, put on a boarde for the Prince's use. Soon upon this, the Prince his Highnesse did enter, and in mucche goode humour

sakede, 'If I was chosen to Lorde Haryngton of Exton?' I humble repliede, 'His Majestie did me some honour in entouring my kin to one whome he had so late honoured and made a Barone,' and moreover did adde, 'Wee were bothe branches of the same tree.' Then he enquierde mucche of lernyng, and shewede me his vane in suche sorte, as made me remember my examiner at Cambridge aforystyme. He soughte mucche to knowe my advances in Philosophie, and uttered profounde sentences of Aristotle, and suche lyke wryters, which I had never reade, and which some are bolde enoughe to saye, others do not understand: but this I must passe by. The Prince did nowe presse my readinge to him parte of a canto in Ariosto; prayseide my utterance, and said he had been informede of manie, as to my lernyng in the tyme of the Queene. He asked me, 'What I thought pure witt was made of; and whom it did best become? Whether a Kyng shoulde not be the best clerke in his owne countrey; and, if this lande did not entartyne good opinion of his lernyng and good wisdom?' His Majestie did much prese for my opinion touchinge the power of Satane in matter of witchcraft; and asked me, with mucche gravide, 'If I did trule understande, why the devil did worke more with anciente women than others?' I did not refraine from a scurvy jeste, and even saide (notwithstandinge to whome it was saide) that 'We were taught hereof in Scripture, where it is tolde, that the devil walketh in dry places.' His Majestie, moreover, was pleased to saie much, and favouredly, of my good report for mirth and good conceite; to which I did covertie answer, as not willinge a subiecte shoulde be wiser than his Prince, nor even appeare so. Mora serious discourse did next ensue, wherein I wantede roome to continue, and sometime roome to escape; for the Queene his mother was not forgotten, nor Davison nether. His Highnesse tolde me her deaht was visibl in Scolande before it did really happen, being, as he said,

'Spoken in secret by thos whose power of sight presentede to them a bloodie heade dancinge in the aire.' He then did remarcke mucche on this gifte, and saide he had soughte out of certayne booke a sure waie to attaine knowledge of future chances. Hereat he namede many booke, which I did not knowe, nor by whom written; but advisede me not to consulte some authoress which would leade me to evile consultations. I told his Majestie, 'the power of Satan had, I much fearde, damagede my bodilie frame; but I had not farther will to covrte his friendshipe, for my soules hurt.' We nexte discoursede somewhat on religion, when at lengthe he saide, 'Now, Sir, you have scene my wisdome in some sorte, and I have prid into yours. I praye do you me justice in your reports; and in good season I will not fail to add to your understandinge in suche pointes as I maye finde you lacke amendinge.' I made courtesie heret, and withdrew downe the passage and out at the gate, amidst the manie varlets and lordlie servantes who stonde arounde. Thus you have the historie of your neighbour's highe chaunce and entertainments at Cowrte; more of whiche matter when I come home to my owne dwellynge, and talk these affaires in a corner. I muste prese to silence hereon, as otherwyse all is undone. I did forget to tell, that his Majestie mucche askede concerninges my opinion of the new weedie tobacco, and said, 'It wold, by its use, infuse ill-qualities on the braine, and that no learnede men ought to taste it, and wishedes it forbidden.' I will nowe forbear further exercise of your tyme," &c.

This singular letter, though not unknown to

many readers, is so peculiarly illustrative of the King's character and the opinions of the times, that we have copied it entirely. Our next extract will exhibit some traits of one of those curious addressees, so profusely bestowed wherever his Majesty moved in his journeys: but these and other matters we must defer till next Saturday.

A Picture of Greece in 1825: being the Journals of James Emerson, Esq., Count Pachio, and W. H. Humphreys, Esq.; written during their recent visits to that Country. 2 vols. post 8vo. with a portrait of the Greek Admiral, Miaulis. H. Colburn.

This work on Greece, of which we have a copy, though we believe it is not yet fully published, throws great light upon the state of that interesting country. Mr. Emerson begins with a coup-d'œil over it at the period of his landing; and then proceeds to journalize whatever was presented to his own observation. We copy a few brief specimens; as with this, as well as the other work on Greece, noticed in our pages, the time of our acquaintance is too short to admit of analysis.

"Trade seems totally destroyed at Napoli: before 1821, it was the dépôt of all the produce of Greece, and carried on a most extensive commerce in sponges, silk, oil, wax, and wines; it now possesses merely a little traffic in the importation of the necessities of life. The shops, like those of Tripoliza, are crowded with arms and wearing apparel, and the inhabitants all carry either the Frank or Albanian armed costume. The climate is bad, and the place has been frequently ravaged by the plague, which, in one instance, towards the latter end of the last century, reduced the population from 8 to 2000.

"The unusual filth of the streets, and its situation, at the foot of a steep hill, which prevents the air from having full play to carry the effluvia arising from it, together with the habitual dirty habits of an overstocked population, constantly attracted round the seat of the government, subject it to almost continual epidemic fevers, which, both in the last winter, and at this moment, have committed dreadful ravages. Its climate is, in fact, at all times thick and unhealthy, and far inferior to that of Athens, or of many of the towns in the interior of the Morea. - -

"On walking out of the gates towards the Palamede, I was struck with a spectacle which I did not expect to have met with in a country possessing the religion and professing the charity of Christians. In the outer passes of the fortification, lay the bodies of two Arabs, putrefying under a burning sun, and within one hundred yards of the inhabited part of the town; the religion or prejudices of the Greeks not even permitting them to cast a little earth over the bones of their infidel enemies:—such is one of the many thoughtless causes of the unhealthy climate of Napoli di Romania. Such instances show the wide field for the friendly exertions of their fellow Christians, in the amelioration of the degraded character of the Greeks; and show but too clearly the malignity of a war where vengeance does not even cease with life; whilst they prove the utter impossibility of any accommodation between the two nations, or of ever again uniting them under the same Government, whilst such a repulsive hatred breathes in either breast.

"Perhaps the most singular character amongst all the Greek legislators is the Minister of the Interior. His name is Gregorius Flessa, by profession a priest; and having, in the early part of his life, been steward of a monastery,

(Μιαού) he is now generally known by the two names of Gregorius Dilaine, and Pappa Flessa. A naturally vicious disposition had early given him a distaste for his profession, and, on the commencement of the revolution, he joined the standard of his country as a military volunteer. Having manifested his bravery on many occasions, he was at length promoted to a command, and in several actions conducted himself with distinguished courage. He now totally abandoned the mitre and the robe for the more congenial employments of the army and the state; and at length, after a series of active and valuable services, he was appointed by the Government to be Minister of the Interior. Here, with ample means, he gave unbridled license to his natural disposition. His only virtue is an uncorrupted patriotism, which has all along marked his character, and has gained him the confidence of the Government, whilst they despise its possessor. Such a character, though in an office of trust, is by no means a popular man. The scandal which the open commission of the most glaring immorality has brought upon his original profession, has entailed upon him the contempt of all parties, though his diplomatic abilities, if artifice and cunning may deserve that name, added to his patriotism and bravery, have secured him the good will of the Government.

"Of the minister of justice, Teotochi, little more is known, than that he was obliged to abscond from the Ionian Islands, for some fraudulent practices. The name of the minister of the police I have never heard, and from the abominable filth of the city, and the dilapidated condition of its streets, I fancy the office must be a sinecure.

"10th April, (Sunday).—To-day being the festival of Easter, Napoli presented a novel appearance, viz. a clean one. This feast, as the most important in the Greek church, is observed with particular rejoicings and respect: Lent having ceased, the ovens were crowded with the preparations for banqueting. Yesterday, every street was reeking with the blood of lambs and goats; and to-day, every house was fragrant with odours of pies and baked meats. All the inhabitants, in festival array, were hurrying along to pay their visits and receive their congratulations: every one, as he met his friend, saluted him with a kiss on each side of his face, and repeated the words, Χριστός ανέστη! Christ is risen.' The day was spent in rejoicings in every quarter; the guns were fired from the batteries, and every moment the echoes of the Palamede were replying to the incessant reports of the pistols and topmaces of the soldiery. On these occasions the Greeks (whether from laxness to extract the ball, or for the purpose of making a louder report, I know not) always discharge their arms with a bullet: frequent accidents are the consequence. To-day, one poor fellow was shot dead in his window, and a second severely wounded by one of these random shots. In the evening a grand ceremony took place in the Square: all the members of the Government, after attending divine service in the church of St. George, met opposite the residence of the executive body; the legislative, as being the most numerous, took their places in a line, and the executive passing along them from right to left, kissing commenced with great vigour, the latter body embracing the former with all fervour and affection. Amongst such an intriguing factious senate as the Greek legislature, it requires little calculation to divine that the greater portion of these salutations were Judas's kisses."

The notices of Hydra and the Greek fleets are well worthy of attention.

"Hydra, Saturday, May 21st.—Three ships, which have been lately fitted up, were this morning to sail to join the squadron, which is now cruising off Cape Matapan. Anxious to see something of the economy and management of the celebrated Greek fleet, I accepted the offer of one of their captains, to conduct me to the ship of Miaulis, for whom I was furnished with letters from his family. Before starting, I obtained permission from the government of Hydra, to visit the rebel chiefs confined on the Island. They have lately been brought down from their residence in the lofty monastery to a house in the town, where they are confined under the care of a guard of Roumelots.

"The generality of them exhibit nothing peculiar in their appearance, being like the rest of their countrymen, wild, savage-looking soldiers, clad in tarnished embroidered vests, and dirty juctanellas. Colocotroni was, however, easily distinguished from the rest by his particularly savage and uncultivated air: his person is low, but built like a Hercules, and his short bull-neck was surmounted by a head rather larger than proportion warranted; which, with its shaggy eye-brows, dark mustaches, unshorn beard, and raven hair falling in curls over his shoulders, formed a complete study for a painter.

"He had formerly been in the service of the English, in the Ionian Islands, as a sergeant of guards; and spoke with peculiar pride of his acquaintance with several British officers. By some circumstance he had become acquainted with the character of Sir Hudson Lowe, and took occasion to speak of him, not in the most flattering terms of eulogy. He was in high spirits at the prospect of his liberation; a measure which is not, as yet, abandoned; his ideas of the state of the war, and his means of liberating the country, were, however, rather wild. He totally discountenanced the organizing of regular troops, a measure which, he said, could never be successfully accomplished in Greece; since, not only the prejudices, but the inclination, of a people strongly attached to their own customs, were opposed to it. His plan was, in the first place, by the most vigorous measures (which he declared at length) to dispossess the enemy of the few holds which they still retained in the country, and regularly as they should fall into the hands of the government to destroy every fortress, preserving only one of the most important, which was to be kept as the residence of the senate. By this means the enemy were to be deprived of all power of remaining, or retaining any position in the country; whilst the Klefts and their followers, as heretofore, would still be able to hold the mountains, and rout every force which could successively be sent against them. On objecting, however, that this means of retaining the country would be a dead weight on the progress of civil improvement, he said, that political security was first to be attended to, and civilization would follow in time; that this would make the nation warriors, and serve to maintain their dauntless spirit in its native vigour. Tactics might render them Frank soldiers, but this would retain them Greeks. He seems very confident of his ability to drive out the Egyptians, if only set at liberty, and again placed at the head of his Arcadians.

"During my visit, he spoke of his enemies in the Government with moderation and no appearance of rancour; but to several others, who had seen him, previous to his prospect of liberation, he had not conducted himself with equal caution; he, however, said little; but on the name of Mavropcordato, or Coletti, being mentioned, he gathered his brow, compressed his lips, and baring his huge arm to the shoulder,

he flung it from him with an expression of deep and desperate determination."

For Count Peccio's portion of the work, the annexed extract must suffice.

"The Greek fleet has performed prodiges in the revolution, considering the paucity and the smallness of the vessels. Many of its achievements are worthy of antiquity; but the heroic actions of some of its seamen must not dazzle us so far as to make us believe they have ever been masters of the sea. They have rather frightened than beaten the enemy; I dare affirm that they are, nor have been masters of the sea. Have they ever been able to effect the blockade of Patras?—Have they been able to support the insurrection of Candia?—to prevent the destruction of Seio, or the burning of Ipsara?—to prevent this very year three disembarkations of Egyptians in the Morea, or the capture of Sphacteria? The fleet itself has some defects similar to those of the army. Many brigs have not the number of men placed by the captains on the pay lists. The ships do not belong to the Government, and their owners avoid a close engagement to prevent their destruction. It is then evident that the government has need of a marine entirely and independently its own, consisting of at least six frigates—in which case the fleet, instead of confining itself to a maritime guerrilla warfare, may support general engagements, and avail itself of the superior courage and address of its sailors.

An Autumn in Greece; comprising Sketches of the Character, Customs, &c. of the Country. By H. L. Bulwer, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 349. London, 1826. Ebers.

This publication, which is in the form of Letters, addressed to C. B. Sheridan, Esq. (a warm friend to the Greek cause, and an accomplished student in modern Greek literature,) and to which is added a paper, entitled "Greece to the close of 1825, by a Resident," has appeared so late in the week that we are unable to do more than take a very cursory notice of it in this Gazette.

The letters are written in an easy style, with here and there a touch of fashionable slang,* and display that sort of playful enthusiasm which we should expect from a young collegian describing scenes of great interest to him, both through classical associations and existing circumstances. We will select a few miscellaneous passages by way of example:

"Many of the natives lead a wild and lawless life in Cephalonia. Rose showed me the knife or sword of a celebrated ruffian, who was traced up to the mountains, and shot the other day, after having been rescued from the guard who was carrying him to execution. His sister cut the cord which tied him to the mule on which he had been mounted. He fled swiftly over the rocks to a cavern, in which by the greatest chance he was discovered. Determined that the foremost at least of his enemies should perish, he made, by means of sticks, which he had covered with turf, and again with gravel, a false path into his recess over a tremendous chasm. The officer who commanded the detachment sent in his pursuit, felt the ground give way, and luckily drew back in time to save himself, when a soldier shot the robber through the heart; the poor wretch leapt into the air, and was seen tumbling down the precipice, from cliff to cliff, into eternity.

"I paid a visit to the house which Lord Byron occupied in this island previously to his entering Etolia. There is nothing to distinguish it from a common cottage, except the classic air which we still suppose it breathes. . . .

* Such as "the rain tumbled down in torrents," &c.

"There is that in this country which amply repays one the trouble, if I do not say danger, of visiting it—all we meet is fresh, and unlike what we ever saw before. The dress, the manners, the very ignorance of the people has something in it wild and original. We are brought back to our boyhood by the very name of Greece; and every spot in this beautiful land reminds us of the days devoted to its classic fables, and the scenes where we were taught them. Methinks I see old Harrow Churchyard, and its venerable yews, under whose shadows I have lain many a summer evening.

"The scenery by the banks of the Alpheus, the modern name of which is not as Mr. Douglass says *το Βούην*, but *ο Πόσιας*, appears quite worthy of all we have ever read or imagined of this happy region. The banks of the river are magnificently wooded; and the timber, if felled, might be floated down it, I should think, and form a valuable article of commerce.

"Valley succeeded valley, each surpassing the other in freshness and beauty. The land-torsoes were so numerous, that our mules frequently trod on them, at the risk of our necks, as they lay concealed amidst the luxuriant foliage of the scythstus and wild laurel. Some singular superstition is attached to this animal, which denounces the severest maledictions on those who eat of it. Of old it was venerated on account of its shell, of which Orpheus formed his lyre. Can the prejudice of the modern Greek be derived from the classic fable of his father?

"The fertility of Greece may not have been exaggerated; but all that does grow here is certainly without solicitation. The richness and luxuriance of the shrubs and trees delight one; yet, except a few wretched vineyards, nothing exists to mark the business of man.

"The country intersected by mountains, accounts for its ancient state, and shows its aptitude for small kingdoms. This circumstance, together with the vanity and love of sway natural to the Greeks and their captains, seems to favour Colonel Stanhope's idea of a government similar to the Achaean League, or Swiss Confederation; but the people do not appear to be refined enough for the one system, nor sufficiently simple for the other.

"On our second night we stopped at a village called *Ayioi Ioánniç*, in the mountains. As we approached it, the savage dogs rushed down the hill like a troop of wolves, and, from their loud baying and angry appearance, seemed disposed to consider us rather as Turks than Christians. Travellers are not perfectly safe from these animals; they surround, and often attack them, as if instigated by the devouring propensity of wild beasts. Any attempt to defend yourself by blows or violence would be revenged by their masters; in fact, I know no means of dispersing the brutes except by throwing stones, not at, but as far from them as possible, which they rush after and shake with the most horrible ferocity.

"A wild and warlike group gathered round us on our entry; the men were armed up to the teeth, and it seemed singular to find oneself alone with such savages, and not in danger.

"One of the soldiers conducted us to a large barn, where, he said, we might repose for the night. The whole village flocked in to gaze on us, and in the midst of these wild guests, we sat down and wrote to the Government, acquainting it with our arrival in the Morea, and hopes of being shortly at Napoli. We intrusted the letter to a peasant, who, although the village was in the interest of the Capitani, carried it safely, and I believe unopened, to its destination.

"A kid was now killed at the threshold, and

roasted, without much culinary preparation, at the blazing fire kindled in our shed. Imagine Brown and myself stretched along our portmanteaus at one end of the hut, our kid roasting at the other; the flames lighting up, as they ascended from the hearth, the dark countenances, and gleaming on the savage arms, of the crowd around it. Another group sitting cross-legged at some distance from the fire, looked wistfully at us, and carried on a conversation in whispers, filled, no doubt, with conjectures of what the devil we did there. Every now and then a wild laugh would burst forth at the grotesque anxiety of Richard, who was busied over our promised repast, having insisted on being *chef de cuisine* on this occasion. Two or three female faces were indistinctly seen among the crowd, nor were the ladies the most gentle-looking personages in our coterie. As yet I have seen no *χωρο-*
εργασίας *Ιβήν*, nothing, I must confess, of the Grecian beauty which we amuse ourselves in talking about.

"Supper was soon served up, and as speedily cleared away. Sleep seemed almost impossible in so large an assembly: to diminish which was also impossible—nothing could induce our new-made friends to quit us; and thirty or forty men, women, and children, rolled themselves promiscuously up together for the purpose of repose, like dogs in a kennel. There was no ceremony, we felt, and therefore used none, but quickly snored, I dare say, as sonorously as our neighbours. I awoke in the middle of the night, when I heard strange rustlings and motions among my *contubernales*.

On leaving Tripolizza, Mr. Bulwer writes:

"At eight o'clock the chief made his appearance, and mounting two steeds splendidly caparisoned, we bade adieu to him and our kind entertainer, and led the way to a band of daring-looking fellows, far too well armed for Greek soldiers. This we experienced on their firing, for mere fun and wantonness, at some idle labourers in the plain, without seeming at all aware of what might be the consequence of such amusement. The present Greek is a perfect schoolboy when he strides a horse, or gets a gun in his hand. These newly-permitted pleasures are fully appreciated and enjoyed. The poor beast is galloped and flogged over hill and dale by its awkward rider, who looks delighted at such an exhibition of his skill and power. The long musket is loaded and discharged every five minutes; while the powder consumed in this idle folly would be sufficient to blow up all the fortresses from Patras to Constantinople."

"It is grievous to look round so fair a land and see it every where the prey to dissension. Political opinion is a harlequin jacket, patched and exhibiting all sorts of different colours. The only universal sentiment seems that of self-conceit and capability. Men, because they are fit for nothing else, conceive that they would make excellent generals and statesmen; or imagine themselves like the block of stone from which a statue can make either a beast or a god.

"I wish we could breathe into the present Greek some particle of the spirit of Epaminondas, who saw no disgrace in being scavenger at Theben, when it was an office bestowed on him by his country. Yet is it to be said that if we destroyed Greek vanity and ambition, we should destroy also the two great barriers against Mahomedan despotism. The same feeling which draws the sword of civil discord, inspires horror and detestation of the Turk.

"Paying the soldiers has for the moment withdrawn them, as might have been imagined, from

the chieftains, whom also it would be wise to conciliate. As large landed proprietors, and in short as the nobility of the land, one would wish them to have consideration in its rule, though not independent jurisdiction. It seems injustice, as well as impolicy, to institute a purely Hydriote or Fanariote Government in the Morea. The Capitani are its strength; their courage should not be extinguished, but contrived; nor would they regret being excluded from the civil administration, for which they are unfit, if they were obliged by military commands, for which they alone are fitting.

Besides, their local influence gives them the respect and love of their soldiers, who are thus raised above being mere mercenaries: which they become, led for a paltry sum by people of whose names they are ignorant, and to whose persons they are unallied and unattached. My only fear of pay is, that they who before it fought for life, for liberty, for their wives, for their children, for their homes, and for their altars, who felt that they must fight to preserve all these, may at last consider themselves only obliged to do so for a few paras a day, of which should circumstances (an event not unlikely) deprive them, they would repine, mutiny, and finally throw down their arms, from disgust at such imaginary ill-treatment.

"A hundred ships have for some months been employed, each ship receiving 1,000 dollars per month; and no material action has taken place. The sailors will no longer serve without being paid in advance; and examples were not wanting of captains having retired from the fleet at the very moment when their services were most required, to make a better bargain with the Government. Patriotism has ceased to operate, except where it is profitable.

"In addition to the evils of a merchant fleet, which is even injurious to the Islands, the Morea has none at all but that which it hires from them, and is consequently dependant on the bad system of its neighbours.

"The only manner in which a foreigner can be useful in this country is in uniting the active part of it with the thinking. If he can do this, he does a great deal. At present the general noise, wrangling, and contention, on the approach of the enemy, remind one of this people's superstition, of fixing in an earthquake to prevent its progress.

"Among the Capitani, no one, not even Colocotroni, is so obnoxious to the Government as Ulysses. This man is not only called a traitor and a villain, but they style the old favourite of Ali Pacha a mere coward. Georgia and Niketas are the two favourites; both mere machines, but, luckily, as brave as they are stupid. Mavrocordato must be a superior man; he accomplished that, in which Hypatiani failed, and kept himself at the head of affairs without money. As a Fanariote, he has no interest in the Islands, or in the Morea, except that created by his talents, and the sort of balanced situation in which he hangs like Mahomet's tomb.

"The Capitani hate him, because he is not one of them; the merchants hate him, because he is not one of the Capitani. The theorists, all for a republic, are not satisfied with one whom they represent as ambitious and intriguing for a foreign king. But the more sagacious, perhaps, regard this prince as a person who, from his want of military skill and capacity in other matters, is the most likely to wish for peace and establish order—blessing which they wisely think ought to be purchased at any price except that of slavery, or extreme national debasement.

"His interest was greatest in Etolia, where it is now beginning to fail, from his lavish promises

to the chieftains, and his want of means to fulfil them. He has also been imprudent enough to borrow money from these desperate men, who, like Shylock, would oftentimes be paid in blood.

"Many of the Fanariote princes, like Mavrocordato and Hypatiani, came over to Greece in hopes of obtaining property, the first possession of which was necessary to their power and consequence. In fact, they are regarded as foreigners, and nothing but great talents or wealth can bring them into even competition with the natives.

"Among our countrymen, Lord Charles Murray is dead; Mr. Winter destroyed himself a few days previous to my arrival. Mr. Trelawney is guarding the treasures of Ulysses, deposited, as they say, in a cave on Mount Parnassus. He has adopted the Greek dress and customs, and here is a report of his marrying a daughter of his chief. Mr. Blaquierre, though even these people smile at his enthusiastic accounts of their country, is by far the most popular foreigner who has visited us: I will not except Lord Byron, who is spoken of in terms of respect and admiration; but there is a warm sentiment of real affection mingled with this people's gratitude to Mr. Blaquierre.

"Of our naval officers, Captain Hamilton is the most known, and enjoys the singular good fortune of being as well spoken of by the Turks as he is by the Greeks."

We have only to add that, for a young author, Mr. Bulwer seems to speak rather confidently on some subjects, with the real merits of which he cannot be supposed to be very well acquainted. His styling the late Sir Thomas Maitland an "abominable tyrant," is strong language; too strong to pass unenclosed.

A considerable portion of the letters relate to the journey w^o and from Greece—not to Greece itself, respecting which we have selected some of the most prominent parts in the foregoing hasty review; but, in truth, the author seems to have seen very little of the country.

Remainder of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A. B.; with a brief Memoir of his Life. By the Rev. John Russell, A.M. &c. 12mo. 2 vols. Dublin 1825. A. & W. Watson; London, Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

In a recent review of a work entitled College Recollections, our regards were recalled to the subject of these volumes—an amiable and interesting individual, whose early promise and premature death, seem to bear a strong resemblance to those of Kirke White, with which the English public is so well acquainted. It is a marked example, however, of the difference of fate which attends men very similarly circumstanced, that while White was pressed forward into distinguished notice, Wolfe, but for an accident, would, in all probability, never have been heard of beyond the circle of private friends and admirers. Mr. Southey espoused the cause of the former, and made his talents known; and it is not incurious, that Lord Byron, the bitter adversary of the poet Laureate, should have been indirectly the cause of bringing forward the genius of the latter. In Captain Medwin's Conversations, the story is told of his Lordship's reading that pathetic poem on the death of Sir John Moore, which led to the discovery of its author; and to the present publication, in consequence of the celebrity it attracted. And we rejoice that any thing should have contributed to a more intimate acquaintance with the life and writings of Charles Wolfe: the former displaying a model of virtue,—the latter giving proof of a highly cultivated mind, great fervency of feeling, and a

refined sensibility towards the beauties, both of thought and language.

The biography, however, is possessed of no charms of incident or adventure: it is that of a finely disposed young man, who studied with enthusiasm, enjoyed intellectual pleasures beyond the powers of a decent constitution to sustain, and . . . died. How, the following simple, but affecting narrative discloses:

"Upon the subject of religion he was always peculiarly indisposed to controversy. He delighted to seize the great principles—to embrace the vital truths; and read with pleasure any author in whose writings he could find them: he valued as brethren, all who maintained them, and diligently sought to co-operate with them in their works and labours of love." His own views seemed not to have undergone any change from the time of his ordination; but, they became more and more vivid, and, of course, more influential upon his principles and affections.

"During the last few days of his life, when his sufferings became more distressing, his constant expression was, 'This light affliction—this light affliction!'—and, when the awful crisis drew near, he still maintained the same sweet spirit of resignation. Even then, he showed an instance of that thoughtful benevolence—that amiable tenderness of feeling which formed a striking trait in his character:—He expressed much anxiety about the accommodation of an attendant who was sleeping in the adjoining room; and gave even minute directions respecting it.

"On going to bed he fell very drowsy; and, soon after, the stupor of death began to creep over him. He began to pray for all his dearest friends individually; but, his voice faltering, he could only say, 'God, bless them all!—The peace of God and Jesus Christ overshadow them—dwell in them—reign in them!'—My peace, said he, addressing his sister, '(the peace I now feel) be with you!'—Then O God will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.' His speech again began to fail, and he fell into a slumber; but, whenever his senses were recalled, he returned to prayer. He repeated part of the Lord's prayer; but, was unable to proceed; and, at last, with a composure scarcely credible at such a moment, he whispered to the dear relative who hung over his death-bed, 'Close this eye—the other is closed already—and now, farewell!' Then, having again uttered part of the Lord's prayer, he fell asleep.—'He is not dead but sleeping.'

Mr. Wolfe had been appointed to a curacy, upon the duties of which he entered with a mild but sacred earnestness, which all must admire; and which it would be well if all imitated. But consumption cut short his brief and radiant career.

"Even when his serious eyes were lit up with kindling ardour; even, from his lips distill'd Music soft as the wind that crept as the dawn;—Then I could have wept; for, on his face, to Eye, voice and smile, nor less, his beaming frame,—Other cause inspir'd than length of years, Lay something that still turn'd the thoughtful heart To melancholy dreams,—dreams of decay, Of death, and burial, and the silent tomb."

"About the end of November, it was thought advisable, as the last remaining hope, that he should guard against the severity of the winter, by removing to the Cove of Cork, which, by its peculiar situation, is sheltered on all sides from the harsh and prevailing winds. Thither he was accompanied by the writer, and a near relative, to whom he was fondly attached. For a short time he appeared to revive a little; and sometimes entered into conversation, with almost his usual animation; but, the first unfavorable change of weather shattered his remaining strength: his

cough now became nearly incessant, and a disease of no small severity weighed down his frame. In this state he continued until the 21st of February 1822, upon the morning of which day he expired, in the 33d year of his age.

Upon his college and early productions it would be a painful task to enter into minute criticism. Elegance and feeling appear to be their great merits; but the Lines upon Sir John Moore are unquestionably far above any of his other efforts.

Yet there is much sweetness, harmony, and taste in most of them; and we consider it to be only doing justice to the work to lay specimens before our readers.

He was (says his congenial biographer) so much struck by the grand national Spanish Air, "Viva el Rey Fernando," the first time he heard it played by a friend, that he immediately commenced singing it over and over again, until he produced an English song admirably suited to the tune. The air, which has the character of an animated march, opens in a train of grandeur, and suddenly subsides, for a few bars, into a slow and pathetic modulation, from which it abruptly starts again into all the enthusiasm of martial spirit. The words are happily adapted to these transitions; but the air should be known, in order that the merits of the song should be duly esteemed. The first change in the expression of the air occurs at the ninth line of the song, and continues to the end of the twelfth line.

Spanish Song.

"Air.—Viva El Rey Fernando.

"The chains of Spain are breaking—

Let God despair and fly;

Her wistful trumpet's speaking,

Let tyrants hear and die.

Her standard o'er us arching,

Is burning red and fair;

The soul of Spain is marching

In thunders to the war.—

Look round your lovely Spots,

And say shall God reward?

Behold you bleeding victims!

Behold you naked pauper—

Let them hear their drum—

Let them come, let them come!

For vengeance and Freedom rally,

And onward, onward! for Spain!

Ramona! Ramona! Barossa!

Remember Napoleon's chain,

Remember your own Saragossa,

And strike for the cause of Spain!

Remember your own Saragossa,

And onward, onward! for Spain!

"The following little tale may serve to show with what feeling and refinement of taste, he entered into the spirit of our national melodies. It was designed as a characteristic introduction to the well-known and admired song.—"The last Rose of Summer."

"This is the grave of Dermid:—He was the best Minstrel among us all,—a youth of a romantic genius, and of the most tremulous and yet the most impetuous feeling. He knew all our old national airs, of every character and description: according as his song was in a lofty or a mournful strain, the village represented a camp or a funeral; but, if Dermid were in his merry mood, the lads and lasses were hurried into a dance, with a giddy and irresistible gaiety. One day our Chieftain committed a cruel and wanton outrage, against one of our peaceful villagers. Dermid's harp was in his hand when he heard it:—with all the thoughtlessness and independent sensibility of a poet's indignation, he struck the chords that never spoke without response, and the detestation became universal. He was driven from amongst us by our enraged Chief; and all his relations, and the maid he loved, attended our banished Minstrel into the wide world.—For three years there were no tidings of Dermid; and the song and dance were silent; when, one of our little

boys came running in and told us that he saw Dermid approaching at a distance. Instantly, the whole village was in commotion; the youths and maidens assembled on the green, and agreed to celebrate the arrival of their peer with a dance; they fixed upon the air he was to play for them; it was the merriment of his collection. The ring was formed;—all looked eagerly towards the quarter from which he was to arrive, determined to greet their favorite Bard with a cheer. But they were checked the instant he appeared; he came slowly and languidly and loiteringly along;—his countenance had a cold, dim, and careless aspect, very different from that expressive tearfulness which marked his features, even in his more melancholy moments: his harp was swinging heavily upon his arm;—it seemed a burthen to him; it was much shattered, and some of the strings were broken. He looked at us for a few moments,—then, stepping into vacancy, advanced without quickening his pace, to his accustomed stone, and sat down in silence. After a pause, we ventured to ask him for his friends:—he first looked up sharply in our faces, next down upon his harp,—then struck a few notes of a wild and desponding melody, which we had never heard before; but his hand dropped, and he did not finish it.—Again we paused:—then knowing well that if we could give the smallest martial impulse to his feelings, his whole soul would soon follow, we asked him for the merry air we had chosen.—We were surprised at the readiness with which he seemed to comply;—but it was the same wild and heart-breaking strain he had commenced. In fact we found that the soul of the Minstrel had become an entire void, except one solitary ray, that vibrated sluggishly through its very darkest part: it was like the sea in a dark calm, which you only know to be in motion, by the panting which you hear; he had totally forgotten every trace of his former strains, not only those that were more gay and airy, but even those of a more pensive cast; and he had got in their stead one dreary, single melody; it was about a lonely Rose that had outlived all his companions; this he continued singing and playing from day to day, until he spread an unusual gloom over the whole village: he seemed to perceive it, for he retired to the church-yard, and remained singing it there to the day of his death. The afflicted constantly repaired to hear it, and he died singing it to a maid who had lost her lover. The orphans have learnt it, and still chant it over poor Dermid's grave.

"Another of his favourite melodies was the popular Irish air 'Granschre.' He never heard it without being sensibly affected by its deep and tender expression; but he thought that no words had ever been written for it, which came up to his idea of the peculiar pathos which pervades the whole strain. He said they all appeared to him to want individuality of feeling. At the desire of a friend he gave his own conception of it in these verses, which it seems hard to read, perhaps impossible to hear sung, without tears.

Song.

"Air.—Granschre.

"If I had thought thou could'st have died,

I might not weep for thee;

But I forgot, when by thy side,

That thou could'st mortal be;

It never through my mind had past,

And I on thee should look my last,

And then should'st smile no more;

And still upon that face I look,

And think 'twill smile again!

And still the thought will not brook,

That I must look in vain!

But when I speak—thou dost not say,

What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;

And now I feel, as well I may,

Sweet Mary!—then art dead!

If thou could'st stay, 'twen' us there art—

All cold, and all serene—

I still might press thy silent bosom—

And where the ames have been—

While e'en thy child bleak corse have—

Than seem'd still mine own—

But these! by these in thy grave—

And I am now alone!

Than past forgotten me;

And I, perhaps, may sooth thin morn,

In thinking me of these,

Yet there was round these such a dawn,

Of light e'er seen before,

As fancy never could have drawn,

And never can restore.

"He was asked whether he had any real incident in view, or had witnessed any immediate occurrence which might have prompted these lines. His reply was, 'He had not; but that he had sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words.'

"The following song was written, at the request of a lady of high professional character as a musician, for an air of her own composition, which I believe was never published.

"O, forget me—why should sorrow—

O'er that brow a shadow flings—

Go, forget me—and to-morrow

Brightly smile and sweetly sing—

Sing—though I shall never hear—

May thy soul with pleasure swim—

Loving the glow of mine—

Go, forget me, &c.

"Like the Sun, thy presence glowing,

Clothes the women/ things in light,

And when thou, like him are going,

Loveless objects hide in night,

All things look'd as bright about thee,

That they nothing seem without thee,

By that pure and lucid mind

Earthly things were too refined,

Like the Sun, &c.

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,

Sofly on my soul that fell,

Go, for me no longer beaming—

Hope and Beauty, fare ye well!

Go, and all that once delighted

Take, and leave me all benighted,

Glory's bursting—generous swell,

Fancy and the Poet's shell,

Go, thou vision, &c.

"*The Trifling of Beauty.*

"I must tune up my Harp's broken string,

For the Fair has commanded the strain;

But yet such a theme will I sing,

That I think she'll not ask me again:

For, I'll tell her—Youth's blossom is blown;

And that Beauty, the flower, must fade,

(And, sure, if a Lady can frown,

She'll frown at the words I have told.)

The smiles of the rose-bud how fleet!

They come—*and as quickly they fly,*

The violet how modest and sweet,

Yet, the Spring sees it open, and die,

How snow-white the lily appears,

Yet the life of a lily's a day:

And the snow that equals, in tears

To-morrow must vanish away.

Ah, Beauty! of all things on earth,

How many thy charms most desire,

Yet Beauty with Youth has its birth—

And Beauty with Youth must expire.

Ay, Fair ones! so is the tale,

That my song in my sorrow I steep,

And where I intended to sail,

I meet thy downy my Harry, and must weep.

But, Virtue indignantly seized—

The harp it fell from my hand—

Serena was her look, though dismissest,

As she uttered her awful command:

"Thy tears and thy pity employ

For the thoughtless, theiddy, the vain—

But those who thy blessings enjoy,

Thy tears and thy pity disdain.

For Beauty alone ne'er bestowed

Such a charm as Religion has lent;

And the check of a Believer never glows,

With a smile like the smile of content.

Time's hand, and the penitence—mange,

No hue, no complexion can brave,

For beauty must yield to old age,

But I will not yield to the grave.

With these examples we do not wish to satisfy

readers; they ought to have these two volumes.

in their possession, where they will find much to please them, and not one idea or expression to raise other than gratifying emotions. The second consists of Sermons, in which there is much of the persuasiveness which proceeds from a preacher convinced that he is delivering oracles of immortal truth, considerable grace of style, and some originality both of manner and matter.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Christmas Tales. 1825. To be continued Annually. 12mo. pp. 372. London. Ackermann. PRETENDING to no higher claim than to contribute to the stock of rational amusement, provided for beguiling a vacant hour during the holidays, this volume it exceedingly well calculated to effect its meritorious and pleasant object. The Tales, ten in number, are of varied character; and our young friends will be alternately interested and amused by their perusal.

Ferdinand Franck. 12mo. pp. 282. London, 1825. Ackermann.

This spirited auto-biographical sketch of the youthful days of a German Musical Student, was originally commenced in one of Mr. Ackermann's pretty little *Forget-me-Nots*, of which it formed a very conspicuous feature. Circumstances, however, prevented its being completed in that publication for this season, and it is now presented, in a much more eligible form, separate and entire. Indeed, it is not good editorship to break off in the middle, and continue tales from year to year in annual volumes: these ought always to be complete in themselves; for if the narrative be interesting, as in the case of Ferdinand Franck, it is quite provoking to be asked to postpone your curiosity twelve months before you reach the denouement. In his new shape Mr. Franck is infinitely to be preferred; and we can assure readers that their patience will not be tried in travelling to the conclusion, which they may now enjoy; on the contrary, the story is amusingly told, it is a lively picture of manners, and there is a good deal of originality in its style and characters.

The Subaltern. 12mo. pp. 372. Edinburgh, 1825. Blackwood.

The series of papers of which this volume consists, having appeared in a work so widely circulated as *Blackwood's Magazine*, renders it almost unnecessary for us to offer any opinion upon its merits, and quite unnecessary to quote any portion of its contents. Suffice it to remind our readers that the Subaltern paints the last year of the campaign in Spain and France; and that he has touched his subject with a most interesting and vivid pencil. The scenes are admirably described; and the various circumstances of war set before us in an exceedingly accurate and striking manner. The name of the author is, we believe, Gleig; and though he intimates that he has left the profession of arms for a more sacred one, he need not to have published anonymously.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Dec. 6, 1825.

The third and fourth volumes of "*Tristan the Traveller*; or, France in the Fourteenth Century," by M. de Marchangy, have just made their appearance in a second edition. This work has been already noticed, and we shall content ourselves on this occasion with following Master Tristan in the latter part of his peregrinations; to which end we must pay a visit to Rouen, whence we shall get back as fast as we can to Paris. It may well be imagined that the capital of Normandy was something different in those days to what it is now: the townspeople

were particularly ignorant and superstitious,—not that those qualities were wanted elsewhere, but here they looked with great reverence on a pretended trace of the footstep of a poor monk of Saint Ouen, on the borders of the river Robec, where, it was said, he had passed just before he was drowned: but this occurrence would have had no effect had it not been for the consequences, which were, that the devil and an angel had a hard battle on the very spot, for the possession of the friar's soul. Let us however rather follow the words of *Tristan* on this knotty point:—"The devil pretended, that the monk, in love with a lady fair in the town, met his death on his return, from one of his illicit interviews during the night, and that from this fact he was a lost sheep, and sufficiently damned to belong, by good rights, to him! The angel on his side, without contesting the point of the amorous rendezvous, maintained, that in dying the monk had suddenly repented, and consequently was not a fit subject for the infernal regions. To this his satanic majesty rejoined, that there were no appearances of any thing of the kind. While they were thus disputing on the matter, the soul of the friar trembled with a very natural anxiety, as it saw no visible end to the debate; partaking, in this particular, something of the nature of earthly disputes. At length the powers of light and darkness determined to refer their case to Richard-Sans-peur. The Duke observed, that to find out whether the defunct was penitent or not, it was necessary that the monk should be brought to life once more; then, if he went on to sin again, condemn him—or save him, if any compunction of conscience stopped him midway, and sent him back to his abbey. This was accordingly done; the monk lived as before, when, as he walked along to keep his appointment, he was suddenly struck with remorse, and smiting his breast, put up a contrite prayer, and was saved from purgatory! He lived after this to a good old age, and became noted for his superior sanctity; thanks to the wisdom of the good Duke, Richard the Fearless." Here follows a long story of *Tristan's*, of Robert the Devil, moral and miraculous, as recounted to the beautiful Lady de Thours; and a great pity 'tis that we cannot enter into many affecting details of the loves of that age, and place, and follow the author in his account of the beautiful Gascelline, and the tender youth Edmond de Darnel! We leave, therefore, the eyes of our fair readers unmoistered, and hasten after Sir Tristan, within the walls of the capital of the kingdom of France.

At this period Paris presented a picture at once curious and interesting, to be handed down to our times; but as in this part of his work M. de Marchangy has been obliged to tread in the footsteps of M. Dulaure, we pass over those parts, already so well known, to come at some peculiar details of the court of Charles V. The favourite minister of this monarch was Bureau de la Rivière; who was reproached, says our traveller, for not serving his master on cheaper terms; and for making use of what should have been public property, for his own particular interest. Among other anecdotes connected with this man, is that of the Jew Salomon Hirsch, who acted as a sort of Chancellor of the Exchequer to this Prime Minister. This man was distinguished by a pointed beard; and by way of robe wore a sort of close jacket, made of camlet, buttoned with thick set buttons from his neck to his knees. This jacket, or coat, or armour, was very thin, and worn out at elbows, and fitted him so closely, that there was hardly room for his legs to move; and so little adapted to all seasons, that in winter, (for he never changed it,) it was enough to make one

shiver with cold to see him. Below his breast and over his belly he had sewed on a piece of yellow stuff, about as broad as a pot lid; and this kind of breast-cloth was embroidered with coarse thread to make it more conspicuous. To a broad leather girdle that braced all this in, hung a kind of pouch, well stuffed with different items of convenience; but it is time to observe, that the contents of all this dress, such as it was, was a tall, meagre figure, walking almost double from the habit of lowly reverences, which were tripled whenever he met any great personage. Every step he made, his bones seemed ready to pierce his doublet, the sleeves of which, far too scant in length, allowed his long, withered, trembling hands to figure in all their disproportion, with his pointed, grey felt hat, sometimes poised between his fingers. We cannot say we can find any sort of analogy between bankers to governments now-a-days, and this original of the fourteenth century! At this epoch, the town of Troyes, in the province of Champagne, had the exclusive privilege of furnishing the kings with *fools*! The last, Theyvenir de St. Ligier having just died, the modern Trojans, instead of simply supplying his place, sent a brace of fools, that the court might, in their wisdom, choose the most complete as successor to the deceased prince of puppets. The Council being assembled to decide on this important affair, had them brought before them, and the following interrogations ensued:—

Question.—"Pray what idea have you of the importance of the high functions you aspire to exercise?"

Reply.—"My most noble functions will be to amuse the king, if that is possible, and to make him laugh, that the courtiers may laugh too by the same means. I consider myself as bound to keep him in spirits. When his doctor says yes, I shall say no; and by this means cures may ensue, at least if God does not otherwise ordain it."

Question.—"Pray what means will you hit on to make the king laugh, and his courtiers into the bargain?"

Reply.—"Why, I must give part of my profits to the valet-de-chambre of our gracious sovereign, in order that he may give me a hint as to the manner he passes his nights, well or ill; I shall know, (at least within one indigestion,) and by this I shall be guided. I shall be the first to find out when a favourite is just falling into disgrace; this I shall speak out boldly to the king himself in open court, who will be delighted to find his thoughts thus anticipated. These warnings I shall accompany with certain sarcasms on the party on the totter."

The questions and answers go on at great length in the same strain, but we must proceed, for want of room, to the next candidate. On his being asked what his ideas were of the duties of fool to the court; he replied, "That it should be a man so devoted to the truth, that for the pure love of it, he should submit voluntarily to all the ridicule attendant on such strange sounds; by the pains and penalties of the uncouth dress, and burlesque language expected in him, his devotion would be shown too; since, by this poor precaution, it was hoped to disgrace the good sense that might be uttered, so that those who might be tempted to listen, could at least say, 'It's nothing but a fool!' But that, notwithstanding the noise of the little bells hung round his cap, some accents of truth might now and then strike the prince's ear, and infuse a salutary bitterness in the laugh of the surrounding courtiers." Being asked who were those people he called courtiers? He replied: "That he looked on those people as such, whose only

motive for their attendance was to catch at the lowest, meanest employments—enough if they were lucrative; to put themselves into the wages of power, no matter how; and to give all the countenance within their shafallow means, to all sorts of scandal and immorality, provided they could get any thing by it—who lived by lies and flattery, and blackened virtue instead of vice, which, indeed, was likewise made a shade darker by passing through their hands—strangers to the affections of their families, their only home might be said to be the antichamber of royalty—their only dignity was pride, and their religion hypocrisy—that they preferred persons to things, since the first alone paid them; the consequence was, that with them the King outweighed their country, and the ministers its dearest interests." From these moral replies, it was clear those two champions were not both fools. After long deliberation, however, they chose the *wise fool*; not for his good sense, but that whatever he said might be taken for the greater nonsense through the folly of the court!

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE LOST ATLANTIS.—By F. W. Sieber.
To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

DEAR SIR,—You have so frequently made honourable mention of the name of Dr. Sieber in the Literary Gazette, that I have no doubt you will be pleased with an extract from a paper by him, under the above title, inserted in the *Archiv für die gesammte Naturkunde*.

Discussing the question of the existence of the Atlantis of the ancients, Dr. Sieber declares his conviction, that the stories related of that country were founded on an actual knowledge of America. He observes, that Columbus was partly led to his belief in the existence of a country beyond the Atlantic, by the pieces of wood, seeds, fruits, &c. of species unknown in Europe, which were frequently cast on the shores of the Old World, between the 20th and 40th degrees of North latitude. There can be no reason (he says) for supposing that the same occurrences were not equally common two thousand years ago, and they could not have escaped the notice of the ancient Phoenicians and Carthaginians; especially as, from want of the aid which nautical science now affords, practical and immediate observations were the only means of giving the greatest possible security to their voyages. Being acquainted with the Cape Verd Islands, he presumes that the Carthaginians in particular, must have had an accurate knowledge of the western shores of Africa, including the whole of the Gold Coast. This being the case, they could not fail to observe the currents in the Atlantic Ocean; and it is therefore probable that some bold and experienced navigator, encouraged by the observations already made, and by his knowledge of the winds prevailing at certain seasons in those latitudes, was tempted to commit himself to the current, and sail into the ocean. In this manner the Carthaginians probably discovered the southern continent of America. Dr. Sieber then proceeds to give an account of the interesting discovery, which has induced him to infer that there was formerly a Greek colony in the Island of Trinidad.

Among the persons whom Dr. Sieber had sent to different parts of the world to form collections of plants, was a Mr. Wrba, who went for that purpose to Trinidad. On his return to Germany, he gave to Dr. Sieber a small stone, or polished glass paste, which he had found in that Island, and supposed to be a Roman antique. At first, Dr. Sieber thought he was in jest, and was not a little astonished

when he learnt from Mr. Wrba the following particulars of his discovery:

Having made some excursions in the neighbourhood of Port Spain, where he landed, he went for some time to the plain of Maraval, about two leagues distant. He there visited the plantation of Mr. Elias Bossiere, (formerly belonging to Mr. Decamp,) where he was informed that various articles, utensils, vases, &c. which looked like Greek and Roman antiquities, were often found.

Mr. Wrba having formerly seen the antiquities dug up at Salzburg, and the place where they were discovered, expressed a desire to examine some of these articles, and the spot where they were found; but Mr. Bossiere had not any thing to attract his curiosity. The place was, however, pointed out to him, up the little river, on which there was a rough road, sometimes on one, and sometimes on the other side.

About a quarter of a league from the plantation, the vegetation was more luxuriant; and he found himself in the midst of a great number of palms of various species, *elias montana*, *bactrys major*, *minor clavata*, and another, called by the inhabitants, *coccorit*. He saw, also, several kinds of melastomas. Happening to stoop down, he perceived a small stone, which he picked up, and having cleared away the earth adhering to it, found that it was a work of art, which, perhaps, had been worn in a ring, and served as a seal. The inscription upon it seemed to prove that it must be of Greek antique.

Wondering how a country so distant from Europe, and known only within these few centuries, could have been visited by Greeks, he said nothing of his discovery, and went to other parts of the island to continue his search; for at Maraval he could not find any trace of ancient walls, mosaic work, or any production of art whatever. At Port Spain he heard of monuments of the Indians, of their tools, and other works of art, which had been found or dug up; but nothing whatever of Greek or Roman antiquities. He continued to enquire after such works of the Indians, hoping to discover something which might confirm his conjectures. He visited, among other places, Naparim, a maritime town, six leagues to the south-east of Port Spain. A Scotchman took him to the coffee plantation of his friend, Mr. Don, about half a league from Naparim, where he heard of a supposed Indian burying-ground, on which cocoa and coffee-trees were planted, and near to which, on turning up the ground, earthen vessels were met with, containing nothing but small pieces of burnt bones. The negro slaves generally broke these vessels to pieces, so that the owner of the plantation could show him only two urns, and the lid of another vessel, and fragments of some vases, all of which, however, Mr. Don conceived to be of Indian manufacture.

Mr. Wrba declares that he cannot but consider the two urns to be genuine Greek, or Roman funeral urns, which, as well as the fragments of the others, perfectly resemble those which he had seen at Salzburg. He himself examined the contents of them and found ashes, with soft friable pieces of bone. Neither figures nor inscriptions were to be distinguished upon them. The form of the vases perfectly resembles those of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The most important, however, was a lid; the urn to which it belonged was unfortunately wanting. This lid represented a human head, of very good workmanship and proportions, which was hollow below; and from all the explanations of Mr. Wrba, can be taken for nothing but one of the four Canopi. All the vases were burnt clay, and the figure on the

lid so regular, that it could not possibly be taken for a work of the Indians, who, as we know, were extremely unskillful in their representations of the human figure. The two vases were so damaged that it could not be decided whether they ever had any figures or inscriptions.

We now proceed to describe the stone. It is four-fifths of an inch long, and rather more than half an inch broad, of an elliptical form, two lines thick, chamfered off at one edge, so that the reverse is smaller than the face. The colour is a smoky black, most resembling a glass paste soft in the grain, like many obsidians of a dead glassy lustre; the chamfered edges exhibit a conchoïdal fracture, and strengthen the opinion that it is of one of the many volcanic substances most resembling obsidian. Glass pastes are generally rather harder. One side on the edge is purposely cut away, and the stone appears once to have been set. There is a human figure in the centre. The neck, which is rather long, supports a dog's head; the body is robust, the shoulders broad, the arms rather standing out, and an Egyptian apron, laid in folds, bound round the waist. The legs below the calf are wanting, the edge being broken off. This Cynocephalus has two ears like those of a dog; and Dr. S. has no hesitation in declaring this figure to be the Anubis of the Egyptians. The workmanship is better than is usually observed on stones of this kind. On the edge are five letters remaining out of six; the second is wanting. H. (wanting.) Θ, M H N. On the reverse are the following letters, in three lines:

B E C C V M *

H C H B A A A

O M H N



I do not think it necessary to trouble your readers with the long dissertation, in which Dr. Sieber enforces his opinion, that this antique is the work of a Greek artist of Alexandria, in the time of the Ptolemies; whence he would infer that America was really discovered by the Greeks, (not by the Carthaginians,) and that they founded a colony in the New World.

Dear Sir, yours, &c.

H. E. L.

* it is to be observed, that the second letter of this word is printed in the text as here represented, though in the plate it is an E.—H. E. L.

FRENCH VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

In pursuance of the orders of Louis the 18th, the Coquille sloop of war, was equipped at Toulon, in the beginning of the year 1822, for a Voyage of Discovery, having for its principal object the improvement of geography, and of the physical and natural sciences. The command of her was confided to Lieutenant Duperrey, who had accompanied Captain Freycinet's expedition. The Coquille sailed on the 11th of August, 1822. After having visited the coasts of Chili and Peru; the dangerous Archipelago, and various other groups of Islands in the vast extent of the Pacific Ocean; New Ireland, the Moluccas, New Holland, and New Zealand; the Archipelago of the Carolines, Java, and the Isles of France and Bourbon; the Coquille effected her return to France, and anchored in Marseilles Roads; having performed a voyage of circumnavigation, which lasted thirty-one months and three days, and during which she ran above twenty-five thousand leagues. The

darkness, that charitable individuals voluntarily devoted themselves to the most painful labours for the relief of suffering humanity; their hopes of eternity excluding from their minds all fears of death. Except, however, in such benevolent institutions, few could be prevailed upon, even by the most lucrative offers, to attend the infected; still fewer to bury them when dead. Whole families disappeared, destroyed by this dreadful scourge; and if any infant escaped, it was as destitute of clothes as the sounding left naked in the streets.

It was the custom, by order of the magistrates, when the masters and mistresses of the houses were taken to the hospital, to fasten up the doors with bands of iron and padlocks. If any lonely child made its appearance, the clergyman mentioned the circumstance to his congregation, and it generally happened that some good citizen went in search of the orphan, whom he probably discovered wandering, and weeping at being shut out of a home where it had learned its pater-noster at the table of its great-grandfather. It was in consequence of such a calamity having befallen her, that Catharine de Braie, at about fourteen years of age, was taken from the parish of St. Benoit to the quarter of St. Gervais, by a tradesman of the name of Pierre Blateau, whose kind wife brought her up as if she were her own child. When Catharine became sixteen, she was the handsomest girl in the whole city; but she was without wealth, and her charms, flowering in obscurity, were unknown even to herself. She was entitled to the homage of the noblest, and the richest; but her adopted mother, educating her with a modesty conformable to her apparent condition, avoided all public assemblies, and took her only to mass in the most dismal chapels, so that instead of seeing some valiant warrior, or illustrious prince at her feet, adoring her virtues and her incomparable beauty, there fell to her lot only the love of two poor brothers, who peregrinated from door to door, and lived honestly by their daily toil. The elder, Julien Marteret, was an *hanouard*, or salt-porter; the other, Mederic Marteret, was a bird-catcher, established on the Pont-au-Change. Both loved Catharine, and thought of nothing but of pleasing her; each in his own little way. On the day of St. Julian of the Minstrels, the *hanouard* brought to the window of his darling a whole troop of jugglers and mountebanks. On the first of May, Mederic, having received from a gardener who traded with him for birds, a fine shrub, in flower, planted it before the orphan's door, and then went and hid himself at the corner of the next street, to watch her appearance. When she soon after came to the window, she blushed like Aurora at seeing the first roses of the morning, which her tears caused to blow.

The *hanouard* and his brother were very melancholy; for they saw, poor as she seemed to be, Catharine was haughty, and would never marry a mere mechanic. Julien, who was violent and hasty, swore that he would obtain the hand of the fair, even if he should join a band of robbers in order to bring home as much gold as would satisfy the ambition of the proudest girl in France. As for Mederic, who lived in the innocent society of his birds, he was tender, simple, resigned, and expected much from the constancy of his attachment. His amusement was to teach the name of Catharine to all his stings; so that he was called Catharine's bird-catcher. Extraordinary events, however, soon changed the fortune of the two brothers. Philippe de Valois dying, his obsequies were celebrated with a magnificence becoming a king of France. The procession had assembled, every

one placed according to his rank, in the halls and avenues of the palace; when a great dispute arose between the King's body-guard and the *hanouards*. These salt-porters, twenty-four in number, asserted their right, founded on ancient custom, of bearing the coffin. The body-guard disputed that honour with them; declaring that a poor king was forgotten soon enough when he was dead, that it was the least which those who had protected him during life could do to protect his remains until they were interred, and that they were still his servants, as their captain had not thrown his sword down on the threshold of the vault of St. Denis, and as the king-of-arms had not called out to them, "Provide for yourselves." After the body-guard had thus spoken, it was said that they were in the right; whispers of censure were circulated against the *hanouards*, and the privilege which the salt-porters had enjoyed for three hundred years, and which made their occupation honourable, seemed about to be taken from them; when one of their number, Julien Marteret, striking three blows on the pavement with his heavy staff, obtained silence, and spoke as follows:— "You good folks, that my father was a *hanouard*, as I am. Frequently, when he found himself harassed with carrying salt all day, and was fearful that so much labour and so little profit would disgust me with the trade of my family, he has recounted to me how his great-grandfather, the twenty-third salt-porter, had borne the body of St. Louis; how his father had enjoyed the same honour at the funeral of Philippe-le-Hardi; and how he himself, on the day on which he was received into the fraternity, while putting on his two-coloured cloak, exclaimed, 'Aye, aye; these are the fine fellows who carried Philippe-le-Bel.' Well! out of this privilege, which constitutes the nobility and glory of poor folk, which makes citizens of the most obscure beings, which communicates satisfaction and happiness at so cheap a rate, they now wish to trick us. But, by St. Martin's in the Fields, it shall not be so! While they live, kings are surrounded by hood-winkers, and devours of their subjects; by courtiers and great financiers, who make but a single step from the palace to the gibbet. At least, when they are dead let them be approached by their people, and let the arrear of truth due to them from the royal household begin to be paid. Every one who understands his privileges, defend them. The University contends with the Mayor, the Jacobs dispute the way with the Cordeliers; and the Bishop of Paris has struggles for precedence with the Abbé of St. Denis. In the midst of so many examples, the *hanouards* will not stand with their arms folded; and evil be to him who breathes a word against their prerogatives!"

So speaking, Julian placed himself haughtily before the coffin, and brandished his heavy staff. His oration and his action emboldened his colleagues; and the Princess of the funeral, observing the tumult, decided that the *hanouards* should remain, as formerly, in possession of their privilege.

The morning after the ceremony, the salt-porters assembled, and to reward Julien Marteret, proclaimed him "King of the *hanouards*," ordaining that thenceforward, at every inauguration of a brother, he should have a separate dish at the feast, a nosegay, and two greetings, the one before, the other after dinner. They afterwards took an oath of allegiance to him, and carried him home in triumph, upon a hand-barrow, to the sound of horns and fiddles. The neighbours ran to their windows; and Catharine de Braie beheld, in all its pomp, the procession of the King of the *hanouards*; who, not doubting that his elevation would operate upon the heart

of the proud orphan, resolved to demand her silency in marriage, by the wife of a burgher with whom he was acquainted.

While his brother had thus become a monarch, Mederic was poorer than ever; for no whoreson, no lover would buy any of his birds; as "Catharine" was the only word they could utter; and his customers wished a hundred other names to taught them. They all remained on his hands, therefore, while his competitors in trade sold double their usual number. It happened, however, that King Jean, who had been consecrated at Rheims, made his entrance into Paris, and went straight to hear Te Deum, in the cathedral of Notre Dame. It was a great day for the bird-catchers, who were established on the Pont-au-Change, on condition of letting fly two hundred dozen of birds on such an occasion, when the King passed, as a sign of joy and liberty. The bird-catchers, who had sold all their birds, and had laughed at Mederic, now, however, found themselves unprovided; and the Chapter of Notre Dame, the Lords of the Bridge, having made their report to the archbishop, the Archbishop mentioned the circumstance to the King who, apprehensive that this people, excited by Charles the Bad, would accuse him of having, on his accession to the crown, suppressed the symbols of ancient French liberty, gave orders that all Mederic's birds should be bought at thrice their value, and that he should be nominated "King of the bird-catchers," with a general jurisdiction over magpies, and an exclusive right of going a bird-nesting once a year, among the blackbirds of the forest of Senlis. Accordingly, when on the succeeding morning, King Jean passed over the Pont-au-Change, with the ringing of bells, and nobly escorted, Mederic let fly two hundred dozen of birds, after having put in his bosom the one of his stock which most distinctly repeated the name of Catharine. The Magistrates then three times exclaimed "Liberty!" and the people answered, "Long live King Jean."

Mederic, becoming a sovereign as well as his brother, with whose love for Catharine he was not acquainted, thought that now he might, without presumption, request the hand of the beauty, by a basket-maker's widow. Thus it happened that Catharine was naked in marriage on the same day, by the King of the *hanouards*, and the King of the bird-catchers. She smiled at the great importance they attached to their new dignities; and, whether it was that the orphan before her departure from the maternal mansion had any vision of love and fortune, which although dissipated, still occupied her thoughts; whether the distresses which her youth suffered had converted life into a source of tears; or, finally, whether more exacting by nature than was consistent with her actual condition, she was desirous of depositing at the foot of the altar the secret of her disdain for an obscure world, she charged her adopted mother with a double refusal, which made Mederic sigh, and put his brother in a passion. "Refuse the King of the *hanouards*!" exclaimed the latter, in a transport of jealousy, "that is not natural; another must have gained her heart. Confound him! It is not—I swear it by the silver cup of my great grandfather! no, it is not for nothing that she would reject one whose cudgel, now converted into an honourable sceptre, drove back the princes of the funeral, the six hundred officers of the palace, the ten thousand devils of the university, and the whole parliament, in their scarlet robes."

While thus he lamented, losing appetite and sleep, for which his royalty made him but poor

amends, lo! Catharine was attacked with a dangerous fever; for, in the number of the causes of her sadness, we had forgotten—ah! who would not have forgotten it, on beholding one so young, so fresh, so beautiful!—we had forgotten to say, that the worm of the sepulchre was preying upon this blossom; and that, at the moment in which she was preparing to return to God by the cloister, Heaven, eager to receive her, opened a shorter way still. The fall of the last leaf was accompanied by her last sigh. The wife of the tradesman who had rescued her from her state of abandonment was much surprised, when, on her death-bed, this unacknowledged girl gave her, for her trouble, a necklace of diamonds of inestimable value; but still more so, when she revealed the secret of her birth, and related, both with respect to this world and to the next, such wonderful things, that it might have been supposed she had already been in the company of angels. “And is this,” said the good woman to her husband, Pierre Plateau, “that Catharine who sat neglected by our idle fire-side, and seemed to be lodged and fed for charity!” Thus, the grain of incense, which falls to the ground, is treated as vile dust; but should the sacred fire approach it, it at once manifests in flames its noble origin; and those by whom it was trod under foot, prostrate themselves before its perfumes, and pour out their souls in prayer. Oh! what miracles would have been performed in honour of her, if, from the shade in which she vegetated, this rose had suddenly sparkled in the sun of the great world! To please her, men of high rank would have learned to read, and perhaps even to write; knights would have taken the field to redress her wrongs; princes would have assembled to dispute her hand in tournaments; her blue eyes would have made those who looked, at them dream of Paradise; and her motto would have become the magic pass-word to glory. But, in the absence of these prodigies, one occurred not a little extraordinary. This girl, who was beloved as warmly as if she had been better known, left behind her such an impression, that her tomb became an altar. And from whom did she receive this persevering homage? From two obscure mechanics, who, before they had to their sorrow seen her, knew nothing of love, except its gross and material instinct; but who suddenly became the models of true affection, emulated Lancelot-du-Lac and Amandis, in their passion, and now swore, each for himself, to go every evening at twilight, and pray upon the little spot which she occupied in St. Jean's burying-ground. The *hanouard* repaired thither on the first of November, after the tolling of the curfew-bell. This hardy and robust workman, the moment he approached the gate of the cemetery, felt a cold sweat spread over his trembling limbs, his hair stood on end, and his heart, which, before it knew Catharine, was immovable, and free from the storms of love, now seemed to bound over waves, and be dashed upon rocks. This was not the result alone of love in despair: it was also a presentiment of terror; an urgent caution which Heaven gave in pity. Scarcely had the *hanouard* entered the domain of death, when he perceived a young man strewing flowers on Catharine's tomb. “There then,” he cried, “is the rival on whom perhaps while living she smiled with tenderness; while I have only the gratification of stretching myself over a cold coffin—and does he come to dispute with me that miserable consolation?” Then, retiring a step, and brandishing his iron-tipped staff, he threw it with all his force, exclaiming, “Make room!” The fatal weapon whistled like the wind of

death, and resounded on the forehead of Médéric; for he it was, who thought he had a right to love in peace, what could never belong to any one. Unhappy kings of plebeians and labourers! Innocent dynasty of sovereigns, for which, before your time, crowns of thorns had never been prepared! Well would it have been for you, unfortunate as you were, had you been monarchs in reality; for then one of you might have pardoned, or at least the other might have commanded his own absolution. But the laws of France must have their course. Already has public rumour spread the news of the fratricide—a word scarcely known since the reign of the Chilperics and the Clotaires. By the light of torches the inquisitors arrive to remove the wounded man, and to enjoin secrecy; that the population of Paris may not be alarmed during the night with the recital of so dreadful an accident. The *hanouards* however know it already; they put crapes in their hats, and repair to the house of their king; every man of them as pale as if he had spilt the blood of a brother. Arranging themselves in two lines, they say to him—“If thou art innocent, we come to defend thee from thy accusers, and to die rather than abandon thee to the inquisitors.” Julien, the *hanouard*, seated upon the earth, answers, “I am guilty.” They then break their staves before him, to show that he is no longer their king.

[This was translated from *Tristan-le-Voyageur*, and prepared for publication, before we received our Paris letter: we will, therefore, reserve the conclusion till our next; in order not to have too much, even of a good thing, in one Number.]

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—The Italian Opera is to commence its season on Saturday, the last day of this Month.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Saturday a new operatic piece, in two acts, was performed for the first time, called *'Twas I.* It is a translation from the French, and one of the happiest selections we have seen for a long time. The plot, which is sufficiently extravagant for all the purposes of farce, and quite free from the usual sentimentality of the foreign school, may be thus described: The *Marchioness de Merrevale*, previously to the commencement of the piece, has promised a crown of roses, and a marriage portion to that paysanne who shall have attained a certain age, yet never have admitted the least familiarity with the male sex; and in the opening scene we find that, after a severe investigation, the prize has been adjudged to the fair *Georgette*. Now, in the village where all this occurs, there resides a certain invertebrate old maid, one *Madame Mag*; and it also happens that the chamber-window of this tabby looks into the garden of *Farmer Delorme*, of whom *Georgette* is a relation, and in whose family she has taken up her abode. To this garden, then, the lovely owner of the prize comes, early in the morning, for the purpose of gathering cherries, and watering the plants; but her cousin, the farmer, being a little smitten with her, contrives to interrupt her in her work, and after a very great deal of flirtation, offers her a rose, which she rejects, and succeeds in robbing her of a kiss. This, of course, is enough to vitiate the election, and *Madame Mag*, who has seen the whole affair, determines upon her measures accordingly. Now comes the farmer's wife—and finding that the basket and the watering-pot have not been used, expresses her displeasure and begins the work; but the husband, annoyed at the reproaches cast upon his favourite, and determined that his wife shall be

equally idle, toys in the same manner with her, presents her with the same rose, and likewise kisses her. In this posture of affairs, *Madame Mag* reveals all she has seen to *Georgette*, and threatens to inform her jealous lover, *Marcel*; who, before the interview takes place, receives instructions from his mistress to reply to whatever may be addressed to him the simple asseveration of—“*'Twas I.*” The old lady therefore tells her story, and is extremely puzzled to find that the lover, to every accusation against his mistress, replies boldly, “*'Twas I.*”; and she consequently determines to present herself to the *Marchioness*, and in the presence of the whole village substantiate her heinous charges. Here again, however, she proves to be equally unsuccessful, as she has no sooner stated what she saw about the rose and the kiss, than the farmer's wife calls out, “*'Twas I.*,” and produces the very flower in question; all of which bears so much the appearance of veracity, that the young paysanne is acquitted, and made happy with her lover, and old *Madame Mag* literally and truly drummed out of the village.

There are some songs, not particularly well written, which have been set to airs agreeably selected by Mr. Watson, and which are charmingly sung by Madame Vestris. Her acting, also, is entitled to great praise; and we wish we could say as much for her style of dress, but we have no recollection of ever seeing her so much disguised. Miss Jones has a little part, the farmer's wife, which requires only archness and spirit; and with these qualifications she is amply endowed. Keely is getting on very fast in his profession—he shows more of genuine comic acting in *Marcel* than in any character with which he has been hitherto entrusted. The whole is indeed lively, entertaining, and well done; and deserves to become a popular favourite.

Among the most novel performances here this week, has been the biting through his own tongue, by M. Mazurier. We understand, that he is so severely hurt by this accident, which occurred during his acting on Wednesday, as to be hardly able to appear on the stage. It is a lucky thing, that his range of parts does not require speaking.

POLITICS.

ACCOUNTS from Madrid state, that the Escorial Palace (so rich in the fine arts) was on fire.

VARIETIES.

Gold.—There are now in London a number of pieces of gold, found in Aruba, belonging to Curaçao, some of which weigh from three to thirty-six ounces. The Government of the Netherlands has looked at this subject in a very serious point of view; and the Governor of Curaçao has published an order, forbidding any person to visit that little desert island without his permission. The gold in London is solid, and exceedingly fine; but, as it was found on the surface, there are great doubts as to its origin; and it remains to be determined whether it is really a product of the soil, or whether it was left by pirates, whose favourite rendezvous the island of Aruba has always been. The ore is to be immediately sent to the Netherlands.

Fire at Salins.—The late fire at Salins, in France, has been made the subject of a very curious and attractive exhibition on the Boulevard of the Temple, at Paris. By moveable scenes (executed after the designs of a painter who witnessed that dreadful event) and lights of different degrees of intensity, the illusion is rendered so complete, that the alarmed spectator fancies himself really present at the conflagration of a town.

Steam Gun.—On Tuesday Mr. Perkins exhibited the capabilities and power of his steam gun before the Duke of Wellington, and a suite of distinguished officers. It is calculated that a single-barrelled gun may discharge balls at the rate of 250 per minute; and that a peck of coals may do infinitely more execution than a thousand pounds of gunpowder.

Rein Deer.—The attempt to naturalize Rein Deer in this country appears to have failed. In the autumn of 1823, a Norwegian, with five of the Deer imported by Mr. Bullock, arrived at the seat of a gentleman in this county ; here they remained during the winter, and were fed with the lichen *rangiferina* (the moss upon which they feed in Lapland.) They continued healthy until the following April, when they were removed to Clee Hill, on the highest part of which the lichen grows in great abundance ; soon after this, one of them died with maggots in the head ; this is no uncommon disease in Lapland, while the horns are in a tender state. Two others also died, having gradually declined. The two survivors appeared to thrive until autumn, when they were suddenly seized with diarrhoea, of which they died. From the enquiries we have made, we are led to believe that the Deer sent to Ireland succeeded no better.—*Berrow's Worcester Journal*.

Tusculum.—The king of Sardinia has ordered the excavations on the site of ancient Tusculum to be carried on with assiduity, and some very interesting remains are being gradually discovered. Bonds, walls, columns, a theatre, mosaics, inscriptions, sculpture, and paintings, will thus be added to the antiquarian stores with which this portion of the world is already enriched.

French Academy of Medicine.—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Medicine in Paris, magnetism, the small-pox, and vaccination were the chief subjects of discussion. It is a long time since animal magnetism occupied the minds of the French. Forty years have elapsed since the question was first submitted to the consideration of the Royal Society of Medicine. Of the four commissions at that time appointed to investigate it, three pronounced against the reality of magnetism. At the sitting above alluded to M. Marc proposed to the Academy to renew the consideration of the subject ; he was opposed by M. Renauldin ; and the Academy merely appointed a commission to examine if it was desirable again to agitate the question. The censure of the pastures of the small-pox was the subject of a very curious paper by M. Damiron. As to vaccination, all reports concurred in favour of that invaluable discovery ; the universal practice of which cannot be too strongly recommended.

The French Academy has proposed, as the subject of the next poetical competition, "The completion of the Louvre by Charles the Tenth."

Dreams.—A posting-bill in the streets of Paris, gravely and pompously announces the possession of "a unique Manuscript, containing among other matters, an explanation, by true and positive analogy, of all the Dreams which can occur to any body." The proprietor of this "unique Manuscript," who has taken up his abode at Neuilly, intimates, "that persons who wish for the explanation of a Dream may call on him, and that whatever may be its nature, they shall receive complete satisfaction." The price of a verbal explanation is twenty francs, of a written one forty.

Moth.—A Madras Journal describes a Moth found near Arracan, of such extraordinary dimensions as to measure ten inches from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other ; and also beautiful in colours.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Walter, one of the Librarians of the British Museum, is preparing for publication, a Translation of B. G. Nicibius's History of Rome.

Mr. George Cruikshank has just finished ten admirable Etchings, for the illustration of a second volume of "German Popular Stories," which will be published before Christmas.

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Friday	2	36 — 45	28.90 — 29.60
Saturday	3	35 — 45	29.10 — 29.22
Sunday	4	39 — 34	29.10 — 29.20
Monday	5	27 — 43	29.30 — 29.26
Tuesday	6	37 — 50	29.30 — 29.37
Wednesday	7	37 — 51	29.20 — 29.24

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